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### ROMANTIC POETS OF ITALY.

*Bojardoed Ariosto. Vol. I. Containing an Essay on the Romantic Poetry of the Italians.* Post 8vo. London, 1830. Pickering.

WE seldom remember to have reaped more genuine pleasure from the perusal of any single volume, embracing so much erudition and research, than from what is here modestly entitled an Essay; and we closed its pages with a feeling of unmingled approbation.

It is the work of a highly-cultivated mind, replete with liberal and enlightened views, and evincing originality and talent not commonly combined with so much patience of research. Nor could a better subject have been selected to give scope to the powers of a true scholar and a critic; for the native poetry of Italy is imbued with the spirit of romance, and much of its influence on the popular character is to be attributed to this, its prevailing feature; the same which rendered it alike popular at the table of its princes, and from the lips of the poor gondolier.

The earliest Italian poets, after they ceased to be mere imitators of the classics, derived their inspiration from the inexhaustible sources of a fertile invention, aided by the adventurous, the wild, and chivalric, in national character, and in that of the times. In the poetical literature of other countries this characteristic is confined to their purely narrative compositions, but in that of Italy it pervades the style and thoughts of all its species, being, in truth, as visible in the solemn visions of Dante, and in the impassioned soliloquies of Petrarch, as in the wild and fervent Bojardo, and the lively and graceful Ariosto. But although such striking evidence of a peculiarly national romance has been long apparent in the productions of the most eminent poets, the sources from which either the spirit or the materials have been drawn have occupied in far too slight a degree the curiosity of Italian scholars. If the investigation then of this subject were become a desideratum in literary history, Professor Panizzi has supplied it in a manner which leaves little wanting to the most curious inquirer. It is not, at the same time, merely as a scholar or an antiquary that our author has treated the subject: strongly impressed with the poetical spirit of his distinguished countrymen, he has given a deep and stirring interest to the various topics on which he has dwelt.

Among the more remarkable passages of this preliminary essay, we were forcibly struck with the mingled ingenuity and humour which the author brings to bear upon all the doubtful or contested questions, relative to the original of early romance. This he attributes in common with the best writers to the ancient British or Welsh, supporting his opinions by many excellent authorities, and many pleasant remarks. According to this theory, the old French romances, describing the actions of Charlemagne and the Paladins, were derived from those of Arthur and his court, contrary to the pretensions advanced by Caylus and Legrand in favour of their countrymen. The controversy, indeed, respecting the diffusion of the romantic, is involved in considerable difficulty; but the subject is one

of those on which not only men of great erudition, but even the general reader, will always be deeply interested; inasmuch as the dim light which may be thrown on this subject increases our power of tracing those changes in belief which influence so greatly the condition of society at different periods. It is in these respects that Mr. Professor Panizzi's work will be most highly estimated; but for our present purpose, we must turn to the lighter parts of the volume, and extract one or two of those livelier sketches with which it agreeably abounds. The first of these we shall give, relates to the famous

#### Ogier le Dannoys.

"Ogier le Dannoys, or the Dane, has also a history to which his own name is given. According to some authorities his surname was bestowed on him because he came from Denmark; others say that he took it after having conquered that country; while others again are of opinion that Dannoys means *danné* or *danné*. Whichever be the true etymology, it is sufficient to know that the hero was brave. His son Baldouin playing at chess with Charlot, the Emperor's son, a quarrel arose, and Charlot killed Baldouin with the chess-board, which was of gold. Ogier at first threatened to slay both the son and his father Charlemagne; but afterwards withdrew to Lombardy, where Desiderio (Didier), king of that country, gave him a castle called *Chasteaufort* or *Beaufort*, and refused to deliver him up to the Emperor, who made war upon the king and Ogier for this reason. Ogier having defended himself for seven years in the castle which Desiderio had bestowed upon him, discovered that all his soldiers had conspired to his betrayal. 'Ogier was not sleeping; for, in the morning he hanged all the rogues who had thought of betraying him: there was one of them at each battlement. When Charlemagne was told the issue of the treason, he was much surprised, and said: Why, it must be then that the devil directs the fellow.' Charlemagne hoped that he would soon surrender, imagining from the number of soldiers whom he had hanged, that he had none left for the defence of the castle. 'But Ogier, who was not idle in the castle, cut some wood whereof he had plenty, and dressed each piece like a man-at-arms with hauberk and helm, and succeeded in placing one of them at each battlement. But where the devil does he find so many soldiers?' said Charlemagne. 'In a sortie which he made, he nearly slew the Emperor and Charlot, and having put to death an esquire in their tent, he retired. His provisions were exhausted, and nothing discouraged, he killed a horse, and then 'put his things in order, cleansed his porringers, set his pot on the fire, and busied himself in moving his wooden-men-at-arms on the battlements.' Charlot at length discovered to what extremities Ogier was reduced, and one night went to speak with him. On this occasion he offered to give him any satisfaction, to accept any conditions however humiliating; to go to the holy sepulchre and to pay him any ransom, provided he would make peace. Ogier, however, would hear nothing of it, but answered that he wanted 'blood for blood, and a child for a child;' and then politely dismissed him, saying, 'Now go: may the devil break thy neck.' After this des-

perate defence, which Namor called *le nonpareil de jamais*, and which lasted seven years, Ogier quietly left his castle at night. He was pursued, yet succeeded in escaping on board a vessel bound for the East. Being overtaken by a storm, he landed not far from Rome, and met with sundry adventures. He delivered France from the Saracens, and afterwards came to England, where he married the daughter of Achar, king of the latter country, whom he succeeded on the throne. He then went to Acre, fought against the Saracens, slew Justamone, a Saxon giant, became king of the place, proceeded to Babylon, vanquished and took prisoner *Engoullefre*, an enemy of the Soldan, but was at length treacherously imprisoned, together with his brother Guion of Denmark, who had gone to his assistance. They both were victims of the treachery of the Templars, who sold them as slaves. Ogier owed his release to the French, who sent an expedition to the East for his liberation.

"On eating of a certain fruit Ogier was taken ill, and *Morgue la faie*, who had always loved him, sought him for the purpose of carrying him to a place where he should live happily among the ladies. 'Ah!' said Ogier, 'to entertain ladies is not precisely what an invalid requires; he wants comfort of a different kind. Then Morgain gave to Ogier a ring of such power, that Ogier, who was about a hundred years old, became a man of thirty; after which she took him by the hand to the castle of Avallon, where was King Arthur, her brother.'" 78—81.

We have also some curious information respecting the multiplicity of heroic Charles's, Orlando, and Rinaldos, and how the character of Charlemagne was formed by the union of many others. The following relating to Rinaldo, and displaying the distinction between a freebooter and a thief, will not be found unamusing to the general reader:—

"It is remarkable, with respect to the two most renowned of all the Paladins, that they were both border-lords; and all who are acquainted with the manner in which this class of persons lived, as admirably portrayed by Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' will have an idea of the compound of courage and rapacity by which they were distinguished.† Hence it is, that Rinaldo, more particularly is, with truth, represented as a fearless freebooter. 'Satchelis, who lived,' says Sir W. Scott, 'when the old border ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were still in some force, endeavoured to draw a very nice distinction between a freebooter and a thief; and thus he sings of the Armstrongs:—

'On that border was the Armstrongs, able men,  
Somewhat unruly and very ill to tame,  
I would have none think that I call them thieves,  
For if I did it would be arrant lies.

• • • • •  
Near a border frontier, in the time of war,  
There's ne'er a man, but he's a freebooter.

• • • • •  
A freebooter is a cavalier that ventures life for gain.'

† A saying of a mother to her son is upon record, and is now become proverbial: *Ride, Ronly (Roland), Hough's i' the pot*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.—Sir W. Scott, *Intro. to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

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In fact, we find in the *Ordene de Chevalerie*, that *not to rob* is not mentioned among the

Quatre croces especiaes  
C'avoir doit chevaliers noviaus,  
Et toute sa vie tenir  
Se il veut a honneur venir.

These are, not to be false; to assist the ladies; to fast; and to go to mass. Rinaldo constantly maintained seven hundred rogues at Montalbano, with whom, according to the *Mambriano*, he robbed 'merchants and travellers,' and whom he himself could with difficulty restrain from following the trade on their own account, as we shall shortly see. The shelter which, in their exile, Rinaldo and his brothers were compelled to take in a forest, will remind the English reader of Robin Hood, who being, as it is said, outlawed for debt, abandoned himself to the honourable profession in which he acquired so great renown.

There is an admirable vindication of the merit of Boccaccio, showing Chaucer's obligations to him; the difference between their plan of treating the same story, and between their notions of love. We regret our space will merely permit us to allude to much interesting and diverting detail on the poem of Pulci and its heroic worthies; but the beautiful specimens rendered from the Italian, purposely for the Professor's work, by Lady Dacre, Mr. W. S. Rose, and Mr. Sotheby, deserve some extract, which cannot fail to prove agreeable to the reader. The love of Forisena for Oliveri, is thus gracefully rendered by Lady Dacre:—

And Forisene was in her heart aware,  
That love of her was Oliver's sole care.

And because Love not willingly excuses  
One who is loved, and loveth not again;  
(For tyrannous were deem'd the rule he uses,  
Should they who sue for pity sue in vain;  
What gracious lord his faithful liege refuses?)  
So when the gentle dame perceived the pain,  
That well-nigh wrought to death her valiant knight,  
Her melting heart began his love requite.

And from her eyes soft beamed the answering ray,  
That Oliver's soul-thrilling glance returns;  
Love in these gleamy lightnings loves to play,  
Till but one flame two youthful bosoms burns.  
To tend his grievous wounds she comes one day,  
And towards him with greeting mute she turns;  
For on her lips her voiceless words are stayed,  
And her bright eyes are fain to lend their aid.

When Oliver perceived that Forisene  
Accosted him with shrinking timid grace,  
The pains which insupportable had been  
Vanished, and to far other ills gave place;  
His soul is tost sweet hopes and doubts between,  
And you might almost, 'mid these flutterings, trace  
A dear assurance to be loved by her;  
For silence is Love's best interpreter.

He might besides, as she drew near, observe  
O'er all her face a deep vermilion dye,  
And short—as broken—checked by cold reserve,  
Her accents of condoling courtesy,  
For the sharp wounds he suffered, to preserve  
Her worthless self in her extremity.—  
With downcast looks, that speak of hope the while;  
For this of lovers ever is the style.

‡ Di Rinaldo sì a ciascuno eccesso,  
E lo rubare, e lo ferace artiglio,  
E quanti mercatanti al fondo ha messo.  
*Trebbisda Istoriata, cant. i.*

§ The conduct of this famous robber is in many respects similar to that of a feudal lord. He robbed the rich only, and gave freely to the poor, protecting the needy, and also the fair sex, whose wrongs he undertook to avenge. Robin Hood was particularly fond of pillaging prelates.

These byshoppes and thyse archebysoppes,  
You shall them bete and bynde,  
'was an injunction,' says Ritson, 'carefully impressed upon his followers.' Rinaldo did precisely the same; and, like Robin Hood, not only ordered their Reverences to be robbed, but performed the operation himself. He once heard that some Cardinals were sent to excommunicate him. He went forth to meet them, strip them of everything, and told them—

Il vostro maledir temo niente.  
Ch'io mi son dato a Cristo onnipotente.  
S'io voglio andar in paradiso poi,  
All' inferno mandar non mi potete.

He even took their horses, and told them to go on foot, in imitation of Christ.

Ei viase al mondo tanto poverello,  
E sempre appié cogli apostoli andava.  
*Trebbis. Istori. c. ii.*

And thus in lowly accents falt'ring still:—  
"The Fates—despiteful destiny," she said,—  
"Or, in whatever sort, high Heaven's will  
Me to a miserable death had led:  
Thou can'st, Sir Paladin, and didst fulfil  
Heaven's high behest, from highest Heaven sped  
For my release, and 'tis through thee I live!  
Therefore for these thy wounds I justly grieve."

These words within his inmost heart found place,  
And on their sweetness Oliver relied,  
Even for the joy of that one moment's space  
Gladly the knight before Love's shrine had died.  
O'ercome by gratitude for so much grace!  
And prizing little all of life beside,—  
Nay, holding, I had almost said, at nought,—  
He, bashful, thus gave utterance to his thought.

"Never, fair lady, in my earthly course,  
Have I done aught that brought so true content;  
If I have rescued thee from fate's dark force,  
Such sweetness through my heart the deed hath sent,  
As none can match from any other source:  
I know thou wouldst my every pain prevent,  
But different wounds far different balms assuage,  
'Twere better else I'd felt the monster's rage."

Well knew the maiden to interpret right  
These gentle words, and print them on her heart:  
So in Love's subtle school each task is light!  
And, sighing, to herself she said apart,  
"Yes, thy new grief I will with mine requite,  
Nor were it better thou hadst felt Death's dart;  
Ingratitude such love shall never know,  
This breast is not of adamant, I trow."

With sighs departed Forisena fair,  
And Oliver remained afflicted more;  
Nor of his gashes took he thought or care,  
For anguish of the inward wound he bore.

And weeping, lingering, sighing sad between,  
"Adieu"—the knight had said to Forisene.

When the fair maid beheld her parting knight,  
She many times to follow him designed,  
With other thoughts all wild and opposite,  
Nor longer could she keep her love confined.  
Then to gaze after him, though lost to sight,  
Led to her lattice by the archer blind,  
The cruel urchin twang'd his fatal bow,  
And on the earth beheld the damsel low!

The tidings heard, her aged father sped  
To raise his prostrate child,—and she was dead!

The poet's story of Galeano's death is also very admirably translated by Mr. Rose, but we shall prefer to give a sonnet from Bernardo Tasso, by the same lady, whose graceful and beautiful poetry, gives a peculiar charm to the volume.

"In his younger years he was passionately in love with Ginevra Malatesta, who was afterwards married to one Obizzi. Upon that marriage Bernardo Tasso wrote a sonnet, of which Ruscelli, a cotemporary man of letters of some name, speaks as follows: 'This sonnet is known throughout Italy; and wherever I have been during a great many years, I have found few elegant minds of either sex who did not know it by heart.' The sonnet is here inserted both in English and in Italian; and were the translation without the name of the distinguished lady who has been so kind as to allow these pages to be embellished by her versions, no reader of taste would be at a loss to discover from whose pen the English lines proceeded. It was necessary to have felt the spirit of Petrarcha, to render such full justice to this composition.

"Since of the part less perfect—less divine,  
Whose morning bloom is dissipated ere night to fade,  
One born beneath a happier star be made  
Th' exulting lord—no longer to be mine;

O take not from me—bid me not resign  
The soul! that on my willing spirit laid  
A holier bondage—by itself repaid—  
Theme of my song in each impassioned line.

I loved the beauty subject to decay,  
But as the image of the immortal mind,  
Pure effluence of Heaven's purest ray!

Mine, mine be this! let him the mortal hold!  
For, to my love, by chastened thought refined,  
Poor meed were deemed the perishable mould."

For the rest of these interesting specimens, we must be content to refer our readers to the volume itself, the perusal of which, we can safely assure them, will afford equal novelty, variety, and pleasure.

*Three Courses and a Dessert. The Decorations*  
by George Cruikshank. London, 1830. Vizetelly, Branston & Co.

THREE Courses and a Dessert! The feast before us beats all entertainments that we ever sat down to. Every other three-course treat is liable to this objection, that, with a table laden with delicacies enough for a year's consumption, the unfortunate guest—a hard case, especially if he lack an establishment of his own,—is obliged to partake of them all at a sitting, or leave many delicious tit-bits untasted. How often have we lauded in our sleeve, the wise custom of those countries we so unjustly call barbarous, which not only allows the guests at a feast to sack what remains after they are satiated, but provides for each a packet of good things to be taken home on departing!

We rejoice at finding that those who have catered for the entertainment of the laughter-loving among us, by the publication of this volume, have had that goodly usage before their eyes. Here is not only "cut and come again" for the present; but every article will keep, and be as good any week in the year as it is to-day. The table is laid out, in other respects, in the most approved modern style, with substantial for the palate, and ornaments to look at; or according to the ingenious conceit of our witty author, expressed on the direction-post, which forms the Tail-piece to his Table of Contents, with *READING and DEVIZES*.

And truly we scarcely know which most to admire, the *reading* or the *devices*. The beauty of the latter, of course, first meets the eye, as it glances up and down the table; and exacts the acknowledgment, that Mr. George Cruikshank is a most expert confectioner, and has caught with most happy tact the humour of his bounteous and mirthful employer, and has executed his conceits most skilfully. But when we proceed to taste, if faith! we are gluttons enough to forget the embellishments; so rich, so spicy, and so piquant are the viands and their condiments. The dishes are thirty-four in number, yet is every one of them a *veritable bon morceau*, for the most exquisite *friand* that ever chuckled over a *farci*. With all our love of good things, however, we are not so greedy as to deny our readers a taste—a taste merely it must be. In catering for them, we have carefully avoided selecting the most exquisite morsels for fear of the consequences—having before our eyes the lamentable case of that most loyal adherent of the fallen Stuarts, whose end was occasioned by a hearty fit of laughter. Could we stand by to feel the pulse of each individual reader, to ascertain what he could bear, we should be less scrupulous;—but we would not for the world be responsible for the death of one of them; and therefore content ourselves with barely indicating the tales, "Caddie Cuddle,"—"Habbakkuk Bullwinkle," and "Conjugating a Verb," with a caution that no one venture on the reading of them who is not sure of the texture of his blood-vessels. "The Bachelor's Darling," we recommend to all classes; it abounds equally in humour and character.—And now, gentle reader, permit us to help you to a slice of "The Sham Fight"—a slice only, as it would not be decorous, either as regards the server or the served, to hand you over the whole dish. You will not find it very difficult to transport yourself to the glorious days of Pitt and the volunteers, and permanent duty; and it will therefore be enough if we premise, that the exploits with which the following narrative is principally occupied, are those of the distinguished regiment, "The Borough Buffs," the volunteer corps of a respectable borough town in a county neighbouring on Gloucestershire, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Nickelcockle, *ci-devant* army-clothier; and that it was appointed to the defence against a body

of Highlanders, of a hill which the inspecting colonel had pronounced impregnable, rising perpendicularly from the bank of a swift brook, and nearly inaccessible at all points except in the rear. They were to be supported, moreover, by two companies of infantry, who also figure in our extract, being mentioned as "the troops under the captain of the ferocious aspect, with blue facings, and terrific voice."

"The next morning, half the borough was in arms, and the remainder in an uproar. We mustered, at an early hour, in a large field, adjoining Captain Tucker's tan-pits; and only nine men and one officer did not answer to their names. The officer was Surgeon Tamlen;—he was obliged to remain in attendance on Lieutenant Squill's good lady, who was really of such an affectionate and anxious turn, that her forebodings lest the lieutenant should get hurt had so worked upon her nerves, that he left her with positive symptoms of fever. Nothing, however, could deter him from doing his duty; he felt satisfied that all her wants and wishes would be attended to by Surgeon Tamlen, in his absence, and joined us in very tolerable spirits, considering all things. I forgot to mention that, besides the defaulters, a third of the grenadiers were absent on some secret service, the nature of which we could not divine, notwithstanding the lieutenant-colonel winked very significantly when we noticed their non-appearance. Several ladies, in barouches and landaus, with buff favours in their bosoms and bonnets,—the wives and daughters of the officers and other leading men in the borough,—saluted us as they dashed along the road which bounded the field, on their way to the hill. Such a circumstance as a sham fight had not occurred in our neighbourhood within the memory of man; and every lady was, naturally enough, anxious to witness the interesting scene, in which her husband or father was to bear some conspicuous part. Precisely as the clock of the Borough Hall struck eight, we marched off, with drums beating, colours flying, and everything agreeable and auspicious. I must give the lieutenant-colonel the credit to say that, in our preliminary manoeuvres, as well as during the march, the officers and men were much more comfortable than if the adjutant had been with us; the latter being a man who was eternally finding fault, where no other individual in the regiment could perceive any thing to be amiss. After a distressing march of two hours and a half, along a dusty road, we reached the rear of the hill. There we halted for about twenty minutes, and then proceeded to mount the acclivity, all the difficulties of which we overcame, and on our arrival at its summit, were gratified by a prospect which fully recompensed us for our toils. The secret service on which the grenadiers had been sent was now very pleasantly palpable. Our excellent lieutenant-colonel, whose prudence and attention on all occasions no words of mine can sufficiently applaud, had despatched, at day-break, two artillery-waggons, which he had requested for the purpose from the general, under convoy of our grenadiers, to the post we were to occupy. The first wagon contained thirty rounds—not of ball-cartridges—but beef, a strong detachment of turkeys, a squadron of hams, a troop of tongues, and several battalions of boiled fowls and legs of mutton. The second wagon was garrisoned by hampers of wine, ale, and liquors; and plates, knives and forks, bread, cheese, mustard, and all the *et-ceteras* of the table, were billeted in the various crannies and corners. There was only one drawback on the delight which the appearance of so many good things produced:—the men, not having been made acquainted with the lieutenant-colonel's kind intention of ordering a cold collation out of our surplus funds, for refreshment after our intended repulse of the Highlanders, had each

brought his dinner in his knapsack; or, where no private and individual provision had been made, messes were arranged, and every man carried his separate quota for the general good. For instance:—one had charged his knapsack with a beef-steak pie, another with a ham, a third with a fillet of veal, a fourth with a keg of ale, and so on. Notwithstanding this, we could not help admiring our lieutenant-colonel's foresight, in providing for our wants and comforts. It was certainly to be wished though, that he had not restricted himself to a wink or a nod on the occasion; and this was the chief mistake in judgment which he committed, much to his praise be it spoken, in the course of that arduous and eventful day. The ladies, who had left their landaus and barouches at the foot of the hill, were busy, on our arrival, laying out the refreshments in the most elegant and tasteful manner imaginable:—each dish was garnished by laurel leaves; and in the centre of the cloths, which were laid upon a part of the ground that was levelled and mown for the purpose, we beheld, as we marched along the flank of the collation, a device in confectionery, which excited the warmest approbation of the whole corps—officers as well as men: it consisted of a variety of expressive and appropriate martial ornaments, around which buff ribbons were entwined, supporting a splendid cage of barley-sugar, with a bird cut out of currant-jelly inside it, and a cap of liberty surmounting the whole!—We gave three cheers at the sight, and instantly prepared for action. But the colonel, with evident indignation, and his accustomed dignity, reprimanded the corps in general, and two of the privates,—butchers and brothers, by-the-by, who were sharpening knives on their bayonets,—in particular, for this improper and very unsoldier-like ebullition. He pointed to the Highlanders, who were already forming for attack at the foot of the hill; and bade us remember that, in his last general orders, he had specially enjoined every officer and man in the corps to eat a good breakfast before he left home; so that no one had any excuse for being hungry these two hours. The grenadiers were ordered to fix bayonets in front of the collation, and the main body of the corps immediately obeyed the word of command to march. In a few moments we were at the brow of the hill; and there, in the presence of the Highlanders, and, indeed, two-thirds of the whole field, the lieutenant-colonel put us through as much of the platoon exercise as he thought fit. Only three muskets were dropped during the drill; and, at its conclusion, the lieutenant-colonel, Major Arkfoot, and the other officers who were picked out for the staff, rode through the ranks, diffusing courage and confidence, with small glasses of brandy, to every man in the corps.

"At length we heard the enemy's right wing opening a tremendous fire far away on our left; the lieutenant-colonel immediately dismounted, for his horse did not exhibit sufficient symptoms of discipline to warrant our commander's retaining his seat; and, at that moment, the Highlanders struck up a popular tune on their bagpipes, to which, on turning our eyes towards the munitions, we observed our fair ladies reeling it away, very elegantly, with the gallant grenadiers. On came the enemy, gaily, as if they were going to a wedding; but, wait a bit, thought we, they will look rather foolish when they come to the bank of the brook,—of which they really did not seem to be aware. We were all ready to break out into one universal shout of laughter at their surprise, and immediately to gall them with a tremendous volley of blank cartridge; when, to our astonishment, on reaching the bank, they marched into the water, and slap through it, without breaking step, or the time of the tune they played on their bagpipes!—Our lieutenant-colonel, as may very naturally

be supposed, was totally unprepared for this; even though they did not wear breeches, he could not have foreseen that they would have marched above their knees in water, at a sham fight:—but he did not lose his presence of mind; he immediately ordered the drums to beat, the fifes to play, the colours to be waved, the whole corps to fire, and every individual, officers and all, to increase the noise of the volley, by a stout and hearty hurrah!—We had scarcely obeyed his orders, when the ladies set up a shriek which shattered every man's nerves in the ranks. We looked over our left shoulders at the sound, and, to our infinite dismay and amazement, beheld a body of Highlanders at our backs, advancing in double quick time, with bayonets fixed, to charge us in rear! The lieutenant-colonel, perceiving the critical posture of affairs, and ever alive to the welfare of the corps, ran round to meet the enemy; and cried, with all his might, "Halt! remnant of the Highlanders! Halt, remnant of the Highlanders! Halt, I repeat!"—But the savage rogues, who had marched round the hill unperceived by us, while their comrades advanced in front, heeded the lieutenant-colonel as little as if he had been an oyster-wench, and still came on at a dog-trot pace; while the other fellows of the regiment, who had, by this time, nearly reached the brow of the hill, did the like, with loud shouts and fixed bayonets, as though it were a real, instead of a sham fight. At last,—the lieutenant-colonel in the rear, and Major Arkfoot in front, being actually within a few paces of their points—the lieutenant-colonel, out of a most fatherly regard for those under his command, thinking the matter began to be above a joke, and not knowing to what extent the terrific enthusiasm of the Highlanders might carry them, gave at once the word, and a most excellent example to all who chose to follow it, for retreating. Thus, we were compelled, through violence and a fraudulent *ruse-de-guerre*, which we were totally unprepared to expect in a sham fight, to leave our ladies, legs of mutton, turkeys, wine, hams, and other provisions, at the mercy of a rude and breechless enemy! One or two of our fellows, who could not get away, described to us, afterwards, the unseemly glee with which the hungry, half-starved Highlanders sat down to our rounds of beef, boiled fowls, tongues, and other dainties and drinkables; and how soon these things disappeared before them. But what really irked and annoyed us more than the mishap and loss of our collation, was, that the ladies, for months after, vaunted the gallantry and politeness of the Highland officers, who,—confound them!—it seems, protested against the amusements of the fair ones being interrupted by their appearance; and, after devouring the lieutenant-colonel's cold collation, insisted, with the most marked urbanity, on our wives and daughters continuing their reels to the sound of the bagpipes, substituting themselves for the flying grenadiers. We heard of nothing in the town, for ten months after, but the gallant Highlanders and their handsome legs, and a dozen other matters to which husbands and fathers have solid objections to listen. Lieutenant and Alderman Squill had the ill-nature to say, that he felt exceedingly happy that his wife had been taken so very unwell that morning, as to be placed under the care of Surgeon Tamlen; and those villains, the epigram-writers, in the poet's corner of our country paper, had the impudence to lampoon us, for leaving, as they said, our Dalilas in the hands of the Philistines. But we bore our taunts with manly fortitude; though, I must say, the fact is not yet forgotten in the borough; and the young ladies grieve, who were not old enough to be on the hill with their mamas or sisters, when the gallant Highlanders, as they call them, routed The Borough Buffs.



"We retreated in such disorder as circumstances rendered inevitable for above a mile, when our wind failing us, we rallied. The line was no sooner formed than somebody proposed that we should lunch; the motion was carried unanimously, and down the men sat to devour the contents of their knapsacks: the lieutenant-colonel, Major Arkfoot, and the rest of the staff, advanced to the carriages where the ladies had left their provisions, under the laudable pretence of reconnoitring;—for field officers must eat, although they should seem to be above it, as well as privates. We occasionally heaved a sigh for the poor things we had left behind us, and determined to effect a rescue at all hazards; but none of us indulged in such unilitary sorrow as to blunt the edge of our appetites, and we proceeded to lunch very satisfactorily. But another misfortune, which no human foresight could prevent, occurred to the corps while we were eating. We had very naturally concluded that the Highlanders would have remained content with obtaining possession of the post; or, at any rate, been retained by the attraction and the collation of the ladies; we, therefore, felt quite easy. But, strange to say, the fellows not only devoured our provisions, danced, drank, and sang, while we were retreating, but actually came upon us again before we could fully sacrifice to the cravings of nature. The lieutenant-colonel and the whole of the staff were taken prisoners, and driven off under an escort of Highlanders, in solemn mockery, in the landaus and barouches, to our ancient borough; and we, who were now without an efficient leader, felt obliged to scamper—we scarcely knew where. We acted as a hive of ants, when their haunt is suddenly invaded by a ruthless brood of juvenile turkeys; each of us snatched up a gun, a knuckle of ham, a knapsack, or a loaf, no matter to whom it belonged, so that each individual was freighted for the general good, and away to go!—We had not proceeded far before we were overtaken, and our progress was arrested by the troops under the orders of the captain of the ferocious aspect, blue facings, and terrific voice. No sooner had he ascertained the situation of our affairs, than he assumed the command, and ordered us to halt, in a tone and manner that nobody felt inclined to disobey. The Highlanders, finding that they were not a match for us in retreating, had, previously relinquished the pursuit, in favour of a regiment of cavalry, who came down upon us at full speed. The captain of the ferocious aspect seeing this, immediately drew us off into a field,—for we were now in an inclosed country,—and after commanding his own men, the yeomanry, and the centre company of our corps, to fly in the greatest apparent disorder, ordered us to draw up, with a quickset hedge and a deep and very dirty ditch between us and the enemy. When the cavalry had reached within a few hundred yards of the hedge which protected us, the captain with the huge voice said, in a whisper which was heard from one end of the line to the other:—"The Borough Buff Volunteers will all lie down in the ditch!" This order spread consternation through the corps; but down we were obliged to go—in the filthy, abominable puddle and mire, lying in close order from one end of the ditch to the other, and fouling our regimentals in a manner that made us, collectively and individually, grieve in the most superlative degree. Anon, the cavalry came up,—little dreaming that we were lying in the mire and puddle,—leaped the hedge and ditch, in line, and scampered off after the fugitives. They had scarcely galloped a hundred paces, when the captain with the ferocious aspect ordered us to rise, form on the bank, and pour a volley, which we had kept in reserve, into their rear. The centre company, the regulars, and yeomanry, no sooner heard the report, than, in pursuance of

orders they had received, they formed and faced about for attack.—We then charged the enemy, in front and in rear at the same moment; and there being no outlet to the field on the right or left, the cavalry were completely placed at a nonplus; and had the business been a *bond fide* engagement, their position, as you must needs admit, would not have been altogether exquisite.—This manœuvre of the captain with the blue facings and ferocious aspect retrieved the honour of the Borough Buffs; and we returned home with drums beating, colours flying, and great eclat, notwithstanding we had lost our field-officers, our ladies, our provisions, and possession of the impregnable hill." p. 113—19.

This will serve for a sample of the entertainment which our readers may promise themselves from the "Three Courses and a Dessert." It is altogether the most amusing book we have read for many a day. The tales, moreover, have the recommendation of being of various lengths, so that the volume may be engaged in at any leisure half-hour or more. The cuts are numerous, and are really delicious, both in design and execution.

#### LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

*A Treatise on Mechanics.* By Captain Henry Kater, V. Pres. R.S., and the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

WE regard as great merits, in many modern works on scientific subjects, the very happy manner in which the simplicity of a mere practical treatise is engrafted on the sound principles resulting from deep research, and the pleasing style calculated to invite and allure the student as to an amusing recreation, in which the authors of such treatises study to impart their knowledge. The old works on similar subjects seem to have been written with a very different view. In them we invariably find a marked distinction made between the capability of the learned reader, and that of the practical mechanic: they are divided into treatises purely scientific, in which the information they contain is accessible only through the medium of difficult symbols, and those practical essays, to use the old favourite expression, "adapted to the meanest capacity," as if the theory were to be understood by one class of men, and the practice by another. We are ready to admit, that theoretical knowledge, according to the popular notion of the term, is not a necessary qualification for the greater number of workmen, especially in this country, where the extreme division of labour scarcely leaves to the artist the completion of any one part of the article he manufactures; and which still less gives him an opportunity of exercising his judgment, either as it affects arrangement or relative proportion. Yet, although this is undoubtedly true with respect to the bulk of the working community, there are, nevertheless, many instances of a better and more difficult description of work, in which the division of labour is not necessarily limited. In these cases a knowledge of principles has an invisible effect on the work produced, and the workman who understands the rudiments of mechanics will bestow attention where it is most required, and produce a better whole, by a better distribution of his care, frequently without increasing the sum total of labour. The same observation is particularly applicable to a certain knowledge of the art of design among the workmen to whose care the execution of ornamental works of art is intrusted;—but this is foreign to our present purpose, and we should not have mentioned the circumstance, but that the miserable books on architecture, and its dependent studies, usually found among mechanics, have called even more loudly for improvement than the old works, of which it is more our present business to speak.

An expert mathematician is generally inclined to use the same symbolic mode of explaining simple propositions, which he finds indispensable in more difficult solutions; and the compilers of practical works, averse to the trouble of ascertaining how much can be rendered intelligible by simpler means, have contented themselves with merely transcribing results; producing treatises so devoid of interest, and often so unconnected with anything like obvious practical application, that they do not make much progress even in the hands of the mechanic, who is better led to contemplation by tracing the natural principles from circumstances within his daily observation, than by a theory propounded without any attempt to display the basis on which it is founded.

The community at large also derive great advantage from the facilitating of the study of the sciences among that numerous class of individuals who may be termed "amateurs;" we mean, persons of general education, but who have never made the mathematics their study. It is a remarkable fact, that many great works, in which originality of invention has been the leading feature, have emanated from this class; and it seems that the multitude and diversity of the studies and occupations of such men often lead, by a concatenation of ideas, to results not so readily found either in the retirement of scientific research, or the active business of the operative artist. Sometimes an enterprising spirit alone dictates a difficult undertaking, as with the unfortunate Winstanley, when he founded that extraordinary building, the first Edystone Lighthouse. Had his praiseworthy exertions been seconded by practical skill, he might have given durability to the building, which, ere long, involved the projector in its own destruction. The second Edystone Lighthouse was also the production of an amateur; and even the celebrated Smeaton was not brought up to the business of an architect or engineer. We mention these facts because we know there is an opinion prevalent, that study, unless there is a particular object in view from the beginning, is even worse than useless. It may be so in the occupations where much is to be gained by labour, and little to be expected from invention—in those cases, but in those only, the truth of such a precept may be admitted.

The work now before us most happily excites interest by the appeal which the author makes to the understanding, in this admirable view of the principles of science. It gratifies the intelligent reader, not versed in mathematics, by showing him that he can comprehend much more than he gave himself credit for. We have no better means of conveying an idea of the excellence of this volume, than by transcribing such portions as will, of themselves, give a general notion of the work. The opening passage, on the properties of matter, for instance, speaks for itself.

"Placed in the material world, Man is continually exposed to the action of an infinite variety of objects by which he is surrounded. The body, to which the thinking and living principles have been united, is an apparatus exquisitely contrived to receive and to transmit these impressions. Its various parts are organized with obvious reference to the several external agents by which it is to be effected. Each organ is designed to convey to the mind immediate notice of some peculiar action, and is accordingly endued with a corresponding susceptibility. This adaptation of the organs of sense to the particular influences of material agents, is rendered still more conspicuous when we consider that, however delicate its structure, each organ is wholly insensible to every influence except that to which it appears to be specially appropriated. The eye, so intensely susceptible of impressions from light, is not at all affected



by those of sound; while the fine mechanism of the ear, so sensitively alive to every effect of the latter class, is altogether insensible to the former. The splendour of excessive light may occasion blindness, and deafness may result from the roar of a cannonade; but neither the sight nor the hearing can be injured by the most extreme action of that principle which is designed to affect the other.

"Thus the organs of sense are instruments by which the mind is enabled to determine the existence and the qualities of external things. The effects which these objects produce upon the mind through the organs, are called *sensations*, and these sensations are the immediate elements of all human knowledge. MATTER is the general name which has been given to that substance, which, under forms infinitely various, affects the senses. Metaphysicians have differed in defining this principle. Some have even doubted of its existence. But these discussions are beyond the sphere of mechanical philosophy, the conclusions of which are in nowise affected by them. Our investigations here relate, not to matter as an abstract existence, but to those qualities which we discover in it by the senses, and of the existence of which we are sure, however the question as to matter itself may be decided. When we speak of 'bodies,' we mean those things, whatever they be, which excite in our minds certain sensations; and the powers to excite those sensations are called 'properties,' or 'qualities.'

"To ascertain by observation the properties of bodies, is the first step towards obtaining a knowledge of nature. Hence man becomes a natural philosopher the moment he begins to feel and to perceive. The first stage of life is a state of constant and curious excitement. Observation and attention, ever awake, are engaged upon a succession of objects new and wonderful. The large repository of the memory is opened, and every hour pours into it unbounded stores of natural facts and appearances, the rich materials of future knowledge. The keen appetite for discovery implanted in the mind for the highest ends, continually stimulated by the presence of what is novel, renders torpid every other faculty, and the powers of reflection and comparison are lost in the incessant activity and unexhausted vigour of observation. After a season, however, the more ordinary classes of phenomena cease to excite by their novelty. Attention is drawn from the discovery of what is new, to the examination of what is familiar. From the external world the mind turns in upon itself, and the feverish astonishment of childhood gives place to the more calm contemplation of incipient maturity. The vast and heterogeneous mass of phenomena collected by past experience is brought under review. The great work of comparison begins. Memory produces her stores, and reason arranges them. Then succeed those first attempts at generalization which mark the dawn of science in the mind.

"To compare, to classify, to generalize, seem to be instinctive propensities peculiar to man. They separate him from inferior animals by a wide chasm. It is to these powers that all the higher mental attributes may be traced, and it is from their right application that all progress in science must arise. Without these powers, the phenomena of nature would continue a confused heap of crude facts, with which the memory might be loaded, but from which the intellect would derive no advantage. Comparison and generalization are the great digestive organs of the mind, by which only nutrition can be extracted from this mass of intellectual food, and without which, observation the most extensive, and attention the most unremitting, can be productive of no real or useful advancement in knowledge.

"Upon reviewing those properties of bodies which the senses most frequently present to us, we observe that very few of them are essential to, and inseparable from, matter. The greater number may be called *particular* or *peculiar qualities*, being found in some bodies but not in others. Thus the property of attracting iron is peculiar to the loadstone, and not observable in other substances. One body excites the sensation of green, another of red, and a third is deprived of all colour. A few characteristic and essential qualities are, however, inseparable from matter in whatever state, or under whatever form it exist. Such properties alone can be considered as tests of materiality. Where their presence is neither manifest to sense, nor demonstrable by reason, *there* matter is not. The principal of these qualities are *magnitude* and *impenetrability*." p. 1-4.

The familiar illustrations found in every page of this work, which is really an elegant one, claim our attention. Irresistibly attracted by this delightful mode of illustration, we gave some few extracts in our previous numbers, before we had leisure to take up the book with that serious attention which the subject demands; but we have not exhausted such examples. The definition of *absolute* and *relative* motion, is one of the best specimens of familiar explanation.

"Motion is sometimes distinguished into *absolute* and *relative*. What 'relative motion' means is easily explained. If a man walk upon the deck of a ship from stem to stern, he has a relative motion which is measured by the space upon the deck over which he walks in a given time. But while he is thus walking from stem to stern, the ship and its contents, including himself, are impelled through the deep in the opposite direction. If it so happen that the motion of the man, from stem to stern, be exactly equal to the motion of the ship in the contrary way, the man will be, relatively to the surface of the sea and that of the earth, at rest. Thus, relatively to the ship, he is in motion, while, relatively to the surface of the earth, he is at rest. But still this is not absolute rest. The surface itself is moving by the diurnal rotation of the earth upon its axis, as well as by the annual motion in its orbit round the sun." p. 62.

The following is a beautiful parallel between Philosophy and Natural History, and the observations which succeed are admirably calculated to gratify an intelligent mind, however they may be beyond the powers of a youthful student.

"Phenomena are to the natural philosopher what organized beings are to the naturalist. He groups and classifies them on the same principles, and with a like object. And as the naturalist gives to each species a name applicable to the individual beings which exhibit correspondent qualities, so the philosopher gives to each force or attraction a name corresponding to the phenomena of which it is the cause. The naturalist is ignorant of the real essence or internal constitution of the thing which he nominates, and of the manner in which it comes to possess or exhibit those qualities which form the basis of his classification; and the natural philosopher is equally ignorant of the nature, seat, and mode of operation of the force which he assigns as the cause of an observed class of effects.

"These observations respecting the true import of the term 'attraction' seem the more necessary to be premised, because the general phraseology of physical science, taken as language is commonly received, will seem to convey something more. The names of the several attractions which we shall have to notice, frequently refer the seat of the cause to specific objects, and seem to imply something respecting

its mode of operation. Thus, when we say 'the magnet attracts a piece of iron,' the true philosophical import of the words is, 'that a piece of iron placed in the vicinity of the magnet, will move toward it, or, placed in contact, will adhere to it, so that some force is necessary to separate them.' In the ordinary sense, however, something more than this simple fact is implied. It is insinuated that the magnet is the seat of the force which gives motion to the iron; that, in the production of the phenomenon, the magnet is an *agent* exerting a certain influence, of which the iron is the *subject*. Of all this, however, there is no proof; on the contrary, since the magnet must move towards the iron with just as much force as the iron moves towards the magnet, there is as much reason to place the seat of the force in the iron, and consider it as an agent affecting the magnet. But, in fact, the influence which produces this phenomenon may not be resident in either the one body or the other. It may be imagined to be a property of a medium in which both are placed, or to arise from some third body, the presence of which is not immediately observed. However attractive these and like speculations may be, they cannot be allowed a place in physical investigations, nor should consequences drawn from such hypotheses be allowed to taint our conclusions with their uncertainty.

"The student ought, therefore, to be aware, that whatever may seem to be implied by the language used in this science in relation to attractions, nothing is permitted to form the basis of reasoning respecting them except *their effects*; and whatever be the common signification of the terms used, it is to these effects, and to these alone, they should be referred." p. 66-7.

We have already noticed the importance of choosing as experiments the common occurrences of life, when that is practicable. We subjoin a happy example of this practice.

"When a man walks, the legs are alternately lifted from the ground, and the centre of gravity is either unsupported or thrown from the one side to the other. The body is also thrown a little forward, in order that the tendency of the centre of gravity to fall in the direction of the toes may assist the muscular action in propelling the body. This forward inclination of the body increases with the speed of the motion.

"But for the flexibility of the knee-joint the labour of walking would be much greater than it is; for the centre of gravity would be more elevated by each step. The line of motion of the centre of gravity in walking is represented by *fig. 62*, and deviates but little from a regular horizontal line, so that the elevation of the centre of gravity is subject to very slight variation. But if there were no knee-joint, as when a man has wooden legs, the centre of gravity would move as in *fig. 63*, so that at each step the weight of the body would be lifted through a considerable height, and therefore the labour of walking would be much increased.

"If a man stand on one leg, the line of direction of his weight must fall within the space on which his foot treads. The smallness of this space, compared with the height of the centre of gravity, accounts for the difficulty of this feat.

"The position of the centre of gravity of the body changes with the posture and position of the limbs. If the arm be extended from one side, the centre of gravity is brought nearer to that side than it was when the arm hung perpendicularly. When dancers, standing on one leg, extend the other at right angles to it, they must incline the body in the direction opposite to that in which the leg is extended, in order to bring the centre of gravity over the foot which supports them.

"When a porter carries a load, his position must be regulated by the centre of gravity of his body and the load taken altogether. If he

bore the load on his back, the line of direction would pass beyond his heels, and he would fall backwards. To bring the centre of gravity over his feet he according leans forward.

"If a nurse carry a child in her arms, she leans back for a like reason.

"When a load is carried on the head, the bearer stands upright, that the centre of gravity may be over his feet.

"In ascending a hill, we appear to incline forward; and in descending, to lean backward; but, in truth, we are standing upright with respect to a level plane. This is necessary to keep the line of direction between the feet.

"A person sitting on a chair which has no back cannot rise from it without either stooping forward to bring the centre of gravity over the feet, or drawing back the feet to bring them under the centre of gravity. • • •

"The feats of rope-dancers are experiments on the management of the centre of gravity. The evolutions of the performer are found to be facilitated by holding in his hand a heavy pole. His security in this case depends, not on the centre of gravity of his body, but on that of his body and the pole taken together. This point is near the centre of the pole, so that, in fact, he may be said to hold in his hands the point on the position of which the facility of his feats depends. Without the aid of the pole the centre of gravity would be within the trunk of the body, and its position could not be adapted to circumstances with the same ease and rapidity." p. 122—4.

Neither the nature of the work which we are reviewing, nor the limited notice we are enabled to give, permit us to select examples of the mode of demonstration adopted by Dr. Lardner. Diagrams are, in most cases, referred to, and therefore we can only assure our readers that they will find the solutions clear, and totally divested of analytical symbols; in fact, as much has been done as could be effected by such simple means.

The part on Balances and Pendulums, which forms the concluding portion of the work, is by Captain Kater. The scientific labours of this gentleman in the researches called for on the recent alteration of weights, and the very ingenious method by which he obtained the correct length of the Seconds Pendulum, are so well known, that any mechanical work, to which his name is attached, needs no further recommendation. We find it still more difficult to select a suitable extract from this part of the work than from the portion by Dr. Lardner, because it is of more limited application. The following passage may give some idea of the style in which it is written:

"It is said of Galileo that, when very young, he observed a lamp suspended from the roof of a church at Pisa, swinging backwards and forwards with a pendulous motion. This, if it had been remarked at all by an uneducated mind, would, most probably, have been passed by as a common occurrence, unworthy of the slightest notice; but to the mind imbued with science no incident is insignificant; and a circumstance apparently the most trivial, when subjected to the giant force of expanded intellect, may become of immense importance to the improvement and to the well-being of man. The fall of an apple, it is said, suggested to Newton the theory of gravitation, and his powerful mind speedily extended to all creation that great law which brings an apple to the ground. The swinging of a lamp in a church at Pisa, viewed by the piercing intellect of Galileo, gave rise to an instrument which affords the most perfect measure of time, which serves to determine the figure of the earth, and which is inseparably connected with all the refinements of modern astronomy." p. 307—8.

*Julio Romano; or, The Force of the Passions.* An Epic Drama in six books. By Charles Bucke. London, 1830. Whittaker & Co.

AFTER the reception which Mr. Bucke's drama of the "Italians" received, both on and off the stage, we confess that we little expected to see him venture again in the same field; he has ventured however, and with sufficient confidence. If the result of his present literary speculation be favourable in proportion to his confidence, he will turn out to be the most successful writer of tragedy since the days of Shakspeare. But, alas! the public—not very remarkable for courtesy at any time—feels very little respect for an author's opinion of his own productions; and, however highly the dramatist before us may think of himself, we fear that the world and he will pass very different judgments upon the epic drama of "Julio Romano."

This play is nothing more nor less than a second and enlarged edition of Mr. Bucke's former tragedy of riotous memory, enacted at Drury Lane some years since, amidst thunders—not of applause, but of yells, screams, and execrations of such mighty and continued potency, as broke the slumbers of half the peaceful inhabitants in the vicinity of that huge temple of the tragic muse. We must say of "Julio Romano" that it is just twice as bad as the "Italians," only because just twice as long. We are really astonished at Mr. Bucke's most conceited preface, by which he would lead the world to infer, that, after several years' painful and anxious gestation, he has brought into the world a tragedy that shall live for ever. Now, our opinion of this wonder, and Mr. Bucke's, are by no means one and the same. We think that he has made himself very ridiculous—whilst he, on the contrary, opines that he has taken the temple of Fame by storm, and climbed up to the very pinnacle. His play, as we have before said, is a revival of the "Italians." His tragic muse appears before us much in the same guise as when she was delivered of that celebrated absurdity: she has only assumed a new farthingale of increased circumference, but the stuff on't is mere "dowlas—filthy dowlas." As he modestly says in his preface, "I employed some of the old *marble*, wherewith to build another temple." So that, according to his own account, his materials are as durable and as polished as *marble*, and his superstructure is a temple—a Temple of Solomon!!

There is another passage in Mr. Bucke's preface, which is the very ultimatum of impertinent pretension. "Most persons ran away with an impression, that I made a large sum of money by the 'Italians.' It certainly had a sale much superior to any other tragedy (similarly treated) ever published in this country. But if it had never been performed at Drury Lane Theatre, I would not have sold my work on the Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature, for a less sum than *two thousand pounds*." Now, does Mr. Bucke, in his absorbing vanity, really imagine that any bookseller in his senses would give him half the sum? Perhaps he does not know that the copyright of Child Harold, the most popular production that ever issued from the press, sold for only 600 guineas. Mr. Bucke has very sillily endeavoured to interest the world in favour of his play, by telling over the old story of his injuries, and by showing how he has bestirred himself in favour of dramatic copyright. But what, in God's name, has the public to do with Mr. Bucke's literary squabbles, or with his anxiety to secure his *nonpariel* from being printed by the theatres? If he chooses to print, all the world want is a good book, and if he gives them this, they will not withhold their applause; but if he attempts to cram a bad one down their throats, they will cast it up again, and he must not be surprised if he be well bespattered by the operation of disgorging. In his anxiety to convince his readers that his play is a *chef-d'œuvre*,

Mr. Bucke gives entire, the letter of an eminent public reader, which condemns it in the most unqualified manner, under the equivocations of ambiguous praise, though the poor author is so self-possessed, that he has not the sagacity to perceive it. The writer says, "Its beauties, if I except some particular passages, are not of that kind that an audible reading can heighten. They often require to be dwelt upon again and again, before their full beauty, and sometimes, indeed, even their intention, appears. I did not fully make out the drift of the early scenes till the second perusal: and I could not hope to make them clearer to an audience, than I found them myself." Now if the beauties of this drama of nearly 200 octavo pages lie so deeply out of sight as to require to be dwelt upon again and again before their full beauty, and sometimes, indeed, even their intention, appears, why then we say, that there can be no beauty really worth searching for, and the author's intention, under such circumstances, must be a perfect matter of indifference to anybody. At all events, this will sufficiently account for the beauties of Julio Romano having escaped us. As we have only time to go through the book once, and not again and again, we must leave to more patient critical investigators the task of discovering beauties in Mr. Bucke's epic drama, which have entirely escaped our penetration. One specimen of Mr. Bucke's blank verse, and we have done. We select what we consider one of the best passages in the drama:

Ere woe had stolen my golden youth away,  
Young with the young, and aged with the old,  
Calm was the tenour of my life; and sweet  
The placid whisper of all-counselling time.  
But why paint pictures that recel past hours,  
Never, no, never to return?—when life  
And love were one—when life and love struck chords  
In hallow'd union. O happy time!  
Lost in oblivion; or remember'd only,  
As the bright skies of Italy are mourn'd  
By those, who, stranded on the fretted coast  
Of Nova-Zembla, far remote from man,  
Behold cliffs rise, whose tops are lost in clouds,  
Eternal snows, and pyramids of ice;  
Where nought is heard, but ocean's ceaseless roar;  
And nought of animated life is seen,  
But huge sea-serpents and shagged arctic bears.

In pity to Mr. Bucke, we forbear to expose any of his absurdities.

*Narrative of a Tour through some Parts of the Turkish Empire.* By John Fuller, Esq. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

MR. Fuller's volume of "Travels through some parts of Turkey," belongs to that class of books with which the time of the critic, as far as his peculiar vocation is concerned, is occupied almost to a dead loss. Little is to be made of it, either in the way of censure or of praise. It is the book of a gentleman; but nothing beyond that. Its contents bespeak the writer to be a well-bred person: they proceed, it is sufficiently evident, from the pen of a man possessing great good-sense, and a mind carefully cultivated, and stored with, perhaps, more than a mere smattering of knowledge on most subjects that come under his notice. We should suppose in him, moreover, well-regulated feelings, and, to a certain degree, a refined taste. This commendation, if we may receive as sincere the language of a modest preface, will probably satisfy the author: if any credit is to be given to professions made in the shape of advice to readers, he aims at no higher praise, and we may add, therefore, to the other estimable qualities we have pictured him to ourselves as possessing, that of self-knowledge; for he seems as perfectly aware as any of his readers are likely to become, that his production displays neither extraordinary acuteness of observation, nor powers of description beyond the common. The absence of these qualities, so desirable and necessary towards making a book

of travels readable and popular, is owing, in part, no doubt, to the personal character of the writer; but it may perhaps be also ascribed, in some measure, to the great lapse of time that has occurred between the date of the tour and the time chosen for the publication of the remarks made during the course of it. Ten years in the vigour of manhood, spent, moreover, it is probable, actively and under the influence of constantly-exciting interests, is a long time for impressions, however forcibly they may have been at first stamped, to retain their vividness. Nor perhaps would the reader feel altogether satisfied on rising from the perusal of a work of a very graphic character, composed after such an interval. He would very naturally stand on his guard against imposition. He would suspect, and would not be very far from the truth if he did suspect, that his author had called in his imagination to the aid of his recollection. Whatever may be the cause, the effect is the same; and whether the want of character discernible in Mr. Fuller's book, is to be attributed to the disposition of the author, or to the circumstances of the publication, its deficiencies in that respect are striking;—and they are the more sensibly felt, because his volume succeeds the two clever productions on the same subject which issued from the press at the corresponding period of the last season, and of which Mr. Madden and Mr. Macfarlane were the respective authors. Of these, the latter, with some trifling faults of style, the consequences of the despatch with which the work was got up in order to meet the craving at that period for information on the subject of Turkey, and the ill state of health of the author, displays a truly graphic talent, such as it is in the power of few authors to exhibit, most appropriately exercised on an interesting and picturesque subject: the former was distinguished by a force of character, a shrewdness of remark, a happy tone of satire, and a freedom of style rarely equalled, and which bespoke a mind much above the usual calibre.†

It is hardly fair, however, considering the modest pretensions of Mr. Fuller, to compare his volume to the very popular works we have just alluded to, since he limits his expectations of favour to the suffrages of a few, who from feelings of friendship or intimacy, will take an interest in his personal adventures and his remarks. And no doubt, even in times of general cultivation like the present, when almost every man we meet with, has appeared in print in some character or another, it is still a distinction to have produced a handsome octavo volume, so respectably executed as is that now before us. Mr. Fuller has shown that he can write. The style in which his book is composed, is that of a man of letters—correct, unaffected and easy. This is no small praise; and the consciousness of deserving it, if he be the unambitious person he would persuade us that he is, will console him for the non-attainment of the greater glory which irradiates the brows of an author whose work betokens the possession of a powerful mind.

Mr. Fuller started from Naples on his expedition to Greece in the summer of the year 1818,—traversing the Italian peninsula and embarking from Otranto for Corfu. The political condition of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies was then in an unsettled state: the weakness of the government which had succeeded to the French, had allowed a fair opportunity for the depredations of the brigands; and the desire for a form of government more consonant to the spirit of the times, provoked by the pretensions of an imbecile dynasty to absolute dominion, had already occasioned the formation of many revolutionary projects,

† We are glad to see, by the announcements, that these gentlemen are again competitors; each of them, it seems, is engaged on a tale, of which Turkish life forms the subject. Since writing this, "The Armenians," Mr. Macfarlane's tale, has reached us. It will be noticed in our next.

which it afterwards required the interference of foreign bayonets to put down. Both these circumstances were forced on the attention of Mr. Fuller, during his short journey. At the pass of Bovino, which, he tells us, seems designed by nature for the retreat of banditti, and which was one of the favourite scenes of their operations, he was forcibly reminded of them when, on turning the corner of a projecting rock, a number of human heads stuck upon poles on each side of the road suddenly presented themselves to his view. He counted sixteen of them, as the carriage moved slowly along through the ghastly avenue; "of several, the features were scarcely obliterated, and most of them had the hair still sticking to the scalp." A fitting preparation for a tour in Turkey!

At Lecce Mr. Fuller was politely received by General Church, who had been sent to that quarter, in the command of a force destined to watch the movements of the Carbonari and other secret societies. Of the Carbonari our readers have probably heard enough from former travellers; with the existence of the sect called the *Decisi*, they are not perhaps so well acquainted. Mr. Fuller gives the following account of it; after enumerating the several varieties, of which that of the *Decisi* was the last on his list, he says—

"Of these the professed objects were all nearly the same; though the last, as its name implies, was more bold in the avowal of them, and comprehended in its ranks all the most desperate characters in the country. Its members were initiated with various frightful ceremonies, and were bound together by the strongest oaths. Their commissions or certificates of admission to the Society, one of which was shown to me, were ornamented with representations of skulls and cross bones, and the more important passages were written in blood. Their principal badges were a black flag and a dagger; and the meaning of these emblems, in itself obvious enough, was further explained in a sort of creed or catechism which was placed in the hands of the initiated. The professed objects of the society were benevolent and philanthropic; but under the specious pretext of 'War to the Palace and Peace to the Cottage,' they spread terror, rapine, and assassination, among all classes of the community. The members were regularly organized in greater and smaller divisions, called camps and sections; and they met openly for training and exercise, even at the gates of the great towns. Lecce alone could muster several hundred; and it was calculated that the whole number enrolled in the two provinces amounted to from thirty to forty thousand armed men." 9.

This description is to be received *cum grano &c.* Considering the source whence Mr. Fuller's information is derived, namely, the headquarters of the royal forces, it is not very unreasonable to suspect that it may have reached him with a slight taint of prejudice on it.

Mr. Fuller had not long arrived in the Turkish dominions before he received a striking conviction, that he had made another step from the centre of civilized society, since he had passed the defile of Bovino. He landed at Patras, on the 7th August. The following passage contains an account of his reception and of the sensations he felt on first setting foot in Greece:

"Every man will feel a little forlorn and solitary, when, for the first time in his life, he lands on the Turkish shores, when 'he bids to Christian tongues a long adieu,' and finds himself among a people whom he has been used to consider as almost savage. But his curiosity at the same time cannot fail to be highly gratified by the perfect novelty of the scene around him. The points of difference between other European nations bear no proportion to those in which they resemble each other; but here, a person coming from the nearest port seems to

be entering a new world, and finds a total and striking change in the face of the country, the style of the buildings, and the dress, manner, and general appearance of the inhabitants. An accidental circumstance, too, which occurred just as we arrived at Patras, served to remind us that we were no longer in a civilized country. An affray had taken place between the townspeople and the soldiers of the Bouluk-Bashi or governor. Several persons had been killed; others were seen wandering about as if attempting to hide themselves in the gardens which surround the town: straggling shots were heard in all directions; and we were not sorry to find ourselves safely lodged in the house of the English consul. It ought to be mentioned, however, as some compensation, that we were free from all those vexatious custom-house researches which in other countries await the tired and exhausted passenger at the end of his voyage." 25.

The travels do not abound in descriptions; these, however, are sometimes attempted, and but with very moderate success. The account of the bath at the Hot Springs of Brusa, will serve for a specimen; it will be remarked, we think, that our traveller's ideas of the infernal regions are somewhat heterodox:

"While our supper was preparing we went to bathe, and for this purpose we took off our clothes and wrapped a shawl round our waists; another was thrown over our heads, and we were mounted on a pair of wooden pattens. Thus equipped we traversed the hall, and passed into a large inner apartment with a fountain in the middle, and surrounded by marble benches, on which also a great many persons were lying. From thence we entered into the bath itself, a circular vaulted room, with a basin in the centre nearly thirty feet diameter. This huge cauldron filling the whole apartment with a dense vapour and strong sulphurous smell, the twinkling light of a few lamps and tapers which were scarcely perceptible through the thick atmosphere, the grotesque figures of the bathers with their shorn heads and bushy beards, their discordant shouts and songs as they were swimming about, and the grinning visages of the negro attendants,—formed altogether a scene which might have been taken for a representation of the infernal regions. We remained in the bath about twenty minutes; but as the temperature of the water was above 100°, and the vapour very oppressive, we did not much enjoy it at the time. It left, however, an agreeable languor and disposition to repose. Some of our servants remained for an hour or two in a much hotter bath, and it is not unusual for invalids to go in at night and stay till morning. The heat of the fountain that supplied the larger bath was 110°. Another in a smaller apartment was 118°." p. 63-4.

Mr. Fuller's observations corroborate those of some other recent travellers, that the condition of Turkish women is by no means so melancholy as a mawkish and affected sympathy would represent it:

"The gardens in the neighbourhood of Pera are also favourite places of resort for the Turkish ladies; and large parties of them are frequently seen repairing thither, either walking with a hurried and shuffling pace, or riding in small tilted waggons, drawn by four little white oxen gaily caparisoned. Their whole figure is enveloped in a shapeless cloak or pelisse called a *Ferejeh*; and the *Mahramish*, or thick white handkerchief, in which the head and face are muffled up, effectually prevents them from being recognized. Their eyes only are visible, and they are generally of sparkling blackness, and expressive of any feeling rather than melancholy. The cheerfulness and merriment indeed which prevail, whenever a group of Turkish women is collected together, may serve to contradict some of the notions which are generally entertained



respecting them; and may show, to use the words of an intelligent traveller,† 'how gratuitous and misplaced is the pity which we sometimes bestow upon beings who are not perhaps sensible that they can be objects of any other feeling than envy and admiration.' Happily for mankind the influence of the fair sex is not limited to any particular mode of society, but may be as powerfully exercised in the retirement of the harem as in the glitter of the drawing-room. Nor does the seclusion, which we should think imprisonment, excite among the Turkish women any discontent: on the contrary, it is considered as one of the great distinctions between the higher and lower orders; and in the marriage contract it is sometimes stipulated that the lady shall have the privilege of remaining at home, and not be obliged to go out shopping in the streets and bazaars like the wives and daughters of tradesmen." 81-2.

Nor is the confinement of a nunnery, it would seem, more irksome than that of the harem—this may be gathered from Mr. Fuller's account of his visit to the convent of Antoura, in Syria: "At a little distance from M. Gandolfi's mansion is a nunnery, one of the most popular, as well as the largest in the mountain, and chiefly occupied by the daughters of respectable families. It contained at this time about forty nuns. The order is that of St. Francis de Salis, the rule of which is very rigid; and the nuns after their novitiate never go beyond the boundaries of the small garden and orchard which surround the convent. I had brought a letter for one of them from her brother, whom I had known at Tripoli, and in the evening I went to pay her a visit. I was introduced into the *parlatorio*, and she came accompanied by the abbess to the hatch-door. The inner room in which they sat was soon crowded with the sisterhood, who reached over one another's shoulders to peep at the stranger. They all seemed in an extremely merry mood, and frequently burst out into loud fits of laughter, without any apparent cause. I never saw a collection of more cheerful faces; and M. Gandolfi, who superintends the convent, told me that the looks of these fair nuns were not deceitful, but that they passed their time very happily, employed in the domestic affairs of the house, in cultivating their garden, and in various kinds of needle-work. Monastic life in general is, I believe, much more happy than our prejudices are willing to allow; and it seems peculiarly calculated to afford a refuge to the weaker sex in a country like this, where among the middle classes the women, if married, are condemned to every kind of domestic drudgery, and exposed without protection to the caprice or tyranny of their husbands. 'Get thee to a nunnery!' are here words of no threatening import; on the contrary, the opportunity of being admitted into one is always eagerly embraced." p. 384-5.

Perhaps the best description in the whole book, is the following picture of the natives of Nubia. The village alluded to, occurred in the second day's journey, from Assouan towards the second cataract:

"We halted in the middle of the day near a village, and a great number of the natives soon collected round us. They are of a very dark copper colour, nearly approaching to black, with lively intelligent features, and forms of a symmetry and lightness which I have rarely seen surpassed. Many of them had only a short petticoat like the American Indians; some were dressed in coarse brown linen shirts fastened round the waist; and some of the elder had a Mashlakh, or Arab cloak, thrown round them. Almost all of them had a short and broad sword attached to their left arm, a round shield made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and a long spear.

† Mr. J. C. Hobbouse.

Their hair inclines to woolliness, and is plaited in close twists or ringlets, which hanging down from the top of the head, and being cut off square just below the ears, very much resemble the *coiffure* of the sphynx, and some of the figures in the tombs at Thebes. Their locks are strongly impregnated with grease; and one very handsome young man had added a large quantity of flour by way of powder, which, contrasted with the black hue of his skin, produced so grotesque an effect, that even his own countrymen could not forbear joining in the hearty laugh which we found it impossible to restrain when he presented himself. The women were unveiled, and appeared much less shy towards strangers than their Egyptian neighbours; but their manners, it is said, are not on that account the less correct. They are not indeed very inviting objects, but, like the females of most hot countries, are much inferior to the men in personal appearance. The people were universally civil and friendly, and brought us various excellent preparations of milk as presents, and some lambs and fowls for sale. The prices asked for these, however, were so much higher than we had been accustomed to in Egypt, that we refused to buy them; but we were afterwards obliged to pay dearer. We had some difficulty in talking with the natives; the Berberin language, which they all speak, being totally different from the Arabic, and none of our party understanding it thoroughly.

"In the course of the day we met a courier going from Deir to Assouan. He was a very striking figure, being dressed in the full costume of his country, which I have already described, and mounted on a Hadjeeen camel, which came striding rapidly along. His saddle was made of wood and very small, and it had a forked pomel in front, so contrived that he might rest his legs in it alternately. We met also several small caravans of slaves from the interior of Africa." p. 195-7.

These extracts will probably prepossess our readers in favour of Mr. Fuller's book, and raise a doubt whether our introductory observations have rendered him full justice. We shall not repine should this prove to be the case; for after all, although we should not feel justified in landing the work as a very brilliant production, and have been annoyed by a number of little passages entirely devoid of interest, which have found their way from the traveller's journal into its pages, swelling the bulk of the volume and increasing the labour of reading it, we are on the whole pleased with it, and can conscientiously recommend it for perusal to those who have leisure. Had it not made its appearance in the field so late, it might have been further extolled for the information it conveys. But in that respect, Mr. Fuller has allowed himself to be forestalled by more recent travellers than himself.

*The Noble Game of Billiards, wherein are exhibited Extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of most of the Sovereigns of Europe.* By M. Mingaud, formerly Capitaine d'Infanterie in the service of France. Translated by John Thurston. London, 1830.

In these improving times, when no art nor science is suffered to rest in *statu quo*, we must not be surprised that a game so fascinating, and which, to play it well, requires the exercise of so much skill, and, to a certain degree, mathematical knowledge, should also be able to boast of its progress as a science. It is surprising, indeed, that a game of this kind should have existed so long before any treatises on the subject of it were written; for we find that, although it was invented by the French in the reign of Henri III. towards the close of the sixteenth century, for the amusement of the Court at the Château de Blois, no printed works on the subject ex-

isted until our own days. The last work on the subject is that of M. Mingaud, the object of which was to record the great improvements and discoveries which have been made in the game during the last few years. The English player is indebted to Mr. Thurston for making him acquainted with a work so much esteemed on the continent. The numerous tables (40) supply him with abundant examples of difficult strokes, on which to exercise his utmost skill and nicety,—some of them are hardly credible; but Mr. Thurston asserts positively, that he has seen the most wonderful of the whole set executed on his tables in Catherine-street, by M. Mingaud himself.

*FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. IV. Xenophon, Vol. II.—No. V. Herodotus, Vol. I.* London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THERE is not a series of works now publishing, the object of which we approve more heartily than the Family Classical Library; for we can conceive no method more calculated to elevate the taste of the reading public in general, than this of rendering the ancient authors popular, by means of cheap reprints of the best translations. We only wish that the books could be afforded even at a lower price than the certainly discreet one at which they are dispensed. The two last numbers contain the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, and the two first books of Herodotus: the translation of the former, is that of Lord Ashley; of the latter, the well-known and esteemed version of Beloe.

*Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants, &c.* By Christopher Anderson. 2d edition. Edinburgh, 1830. Oliver & Boyd.

MR. Anderson is unquestionably a man of talent. His book discovers an intimate acquaintance with the legendary writers of the middle ages, and he certainly displays very diligent and remarkable research. His section on the literary history of Ireland before the conquest, to the end of the last century, does honour to his industry and good feeling—he has conferred an obligation upon Ireland, for which she is bound to be grateful. We have read Mr. Anderson's volume with extreme satisfaction; but we must not on that account pass over a few faults—such as the want of compactness in the arrangement of his matter, and the occasional looseness and obscurity of his style. He is besides too fond of inversion, which renders his meaning not always obvious. We give a short extract as an example:—

"In the most ancient and curious manuscripts, which, I presume, must be abroad, historical narration there must be of whatever value; assertions also many, in which the author had no motive to satisfy, though in various instances he might prove to be mistaken."

The defects of Mr. Anderson's work are however few and inconsiderable, and we hail him as an author who promises to do credit to the literature of his country.

*The Importance and Means of a National Literature.* By W. E. Channing, D.D. Reprinted from an American periodical. E. Rainsford.

DR. CHANNING'S is a name well known on the other side of the Atlantic, and one which certainly well deserves to be generally known on this. He is decidedly a man of high literary attainments, of a refined taste, a discriminating judgment, with an acute, vigorous, and comprehensive mind. The pamphlet now before us is written with great eloquence and power; the author's views are original, though sometimes visionary; and the subject is grappled evidently by a scholar and philosopher. We regret, however, to be obliged to notice that there is too continued an endeavour after display. The style is frequently diffuse and elaborately redundant;

nevertheless, we must confess that it is the diffuseness and redundancy of a mind teeming with lofty conceptions, and pouring them forth in a torrent of words which, though they sometimes distract the attention, never offend by anything like common-place. Dr. Channing is indeed an ornament to his country: it has good reason to be proud of him.

*More short Stories.* By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M.A. Whittaker.

THESE stories, we presume, are only intended for the nursery. They are very well calculated to amuse children under twelve years of age. There is a good deal of variety in them; the style in which they are told is well adapted to the capacities of young children.

#### HABITS.

It has been noted by an eminent writer, and daily experience confirms the apothegm, that *habit is a second nature*. If demonstration were required, it would not be difficult to trace progressively the workings of habit, and distinctly to lay open the mutations gradually wrought on the natural disposition by its slow, silent, but sure operation. But the analysis would be rather curious than useful. For that we are, in great part, if not entirely, the creatures of habit is no more problematical, than that a civilized man is not a mere untutored savage, or a savage an absolute automaton.

This granted, it will be easily conceded in addition, that it behoves all persons above the common range of life to beware how they indulge in any folly, absurdity, singularity, or affectation, however fashionable it may be; for habits are soon formed; ridiculous habits even sooner than others, and, according to the authority of one who had deeply studied human nature, it is as difficult to correct them as it is "*for the leopard to change his spots*."

I will barely touch on the profligate habit of common swearing, now resorted to—I might almost say exclusively, in the very lowest plebeian speech. The march of intellect, if it has done nothing else during the last thirty years, has at least unmanacled the better bred from this pernicious habit, which is now confined to the dregs of the people, as an appropriate, distinctive and characteristic mark of vulgarity. Low as is this vice, however, it is endemic. Scarcely will you find, I will not say a county, but a hamlet, in which there is not a class with whom this disgusting abuse of language is rife and popular. The habit is radicized; and, it is known to demoralize and degrade the people wherever, and to whatever extent, it prevails. Nor is this contemptible habit confined to the earth on which we tread. It has long ago launched forth upon the ocean, and flourishes with the most offensive luxuriance on that element where storms and tempests rage, where death with sudden terrors reigns, and where habitual seriousness would be much more appropriate. Even there, however, of late years it has somewhat abated: it has lost ground *off*, and is now seldom found *beyond the foremast*. Yet it will not be out of place, if I here call to mind the anecdote of the *captain and his chaplain*, to demonstrate the force, as well as the occasional corrigibility of habit. The ship had scarcely left its anchor, when the chaplain began to observe and to lament the incessant "*d—my eyes*" which flew from the captain's lips. This continued day after day, without abatement,—increasing as the wind increased, but never entirely subsiding, even when zephyrs sighed, and the placid face of ocean smiled. The chaplain remonstrated with delicacy,—in vain! He preached;—in vain! He lectured;—in vain! He might as well have read a homily to the winds. So, giving up reason and argument, he had recourse

to stratagem: for it is notorious, that though habit will frequently resist the most unanswerable ratiocination, it can with difficulty bear up against ridicule. One morning, as they were perambulating the quarter-deck, "*Bread and cheese my eyes!* good morning, Sir!" said the chaplain, with a face as grave and as serious as the face of Momus vituperating the retiring goddess of beauty on account of her slippers! At this strange and unexpected salutation, the captain smiled, not doubting in sooth, but that the Levite was "*peering about*," and that the transit from "*bread and cheese my eyes*," to his more sailorly phrase would be the work only of a day; but, before the smile had left his cheek, "*Bread and cheese my eyes*," repeated the parson, "*how slow we go!*" and every half minute he interlarded his confabulation with a fresh and emphatical "*Bread and cheese my eyes!*" until the captain, quite disgusted, walked away, under the full impression that the good man was a fool! He therefore took an early opportunity, in presence of the purser, of expatiating with him on the *folly of bread and cheese his eyes* every minute—the priest pleaded guilty,—keenly turned the tables upon the officer, who, in his mode of swearing, so completely united *folly* and *profligacy* together! This was *argumentum ad hominem*; the captain felt the full force of it, and, hard as he confessed the task was, he absolutely gave up the habit which had unceasingly vibrated on his tongue, at sea and on shore, in foul weather and in fair weather, for at least twenty years!

Neither do I purpose dwelling on the turpid habit of drunkenness—" *water facunda malorum*:" it is for the most part confined to the gin-shop and to the vulgar: it is generally the concomitant of common swearing, and has done more for the ruin of British morals among the people, during the last thirty years, and more for the prostration of health and strength among the lower classes, than any other cause whatever. Is it to be wondered at, that this vile habit should produce such demoralizing effects, when the consumption last year, in *England only*, amounted to 7,700,766 gallons of gin and brandy, and almost four millions of rum? Can it surprise us, that distress and pauperism should increase, when the money that should be applied to the decent support of the poor, finds its way into the gin-shop?—There millions, which, if well managed, would keep hundreds of thousands from hanging on their parishes, are spent in intoxicating liquors. Oxalic acid would do them less injury; for the one brutalizes, and then destroys—the other destroys at once. We hope Mr. Innes's next letter on the subject, will be to entreat the Chancellor of the Exchequer to confine gin, brandy, and rum, to the apothecary's shelf.

The habit of *tea-drinking* has established its sway over the whole country: it is now so firmly and indisputably naturalized, that as long as the Celestial Emperor is pleased not to shut up Macao against us, and as long as a single old woman in England has three farthings left, to buy a quarter of an ounce of high-flavoured Bohea, nothing can dislodge it;—and yet, if people would give up China tea, and adopt herb tea, which is infinitely better and cheaper, half the poor cottagers in the country might drink it for nothing, and sell balm, mint, and sage enough to pay their rent, and get their names out of the poor-rate list! Mere reason has no chance against a habit which, in the course of two hundred years, has gradually, and almost imperceptibly, extended its roots throughout every town, village, and hovel, in the kingdom.

Policy, and a becoming respect for productive sources of taxation, require that we should say nothing of *sugar* and *coffee*; for so long as it is deemed advisable to keep up our colonies, their produce must have free access

into our stomachs! But what shall be said in excuse of a singular, and, it might be added, Tartarean habit, which, in process of time, converts the patient who labours under it into a kind of volcanic being, contaminating the blood, and repleting the very bones with a combustible sooty deposit, productive of rheumatism, constipation, jaundice, and St. Anthony's fire!—I mean, the habit of *snoking*! And who will extenuate the almost equally pernicious habit of *taking snuff*? Would it be imagined, that the inhabitants of this small island could possibly survive one single year's importation of all our colonial drugs and American poisons? Would it be credited that more than nine hundred thousand pounds weight of pulverized tobacco, including pounded glass, are actually taken up our noses every twelve months! Physically speaking, is it not enough to dry up half the understanding of the country, destroy all sensibility, and paralyze those millions of capillary nerves, which concentrate and terminate in the pineal gland, and invigorate the brain? The pungency and narcotic property of the tobacco, the dreadful effects of those vitreous particles which are supposed by many to enter into the manufacture of snuff, besides the manifold essences introduced for the fabrication of a hundred fancy mixtures, elegantly termed *cephalics*, are enough to make a man, or even a lady, pause before the habit is quite formed. Then look at a desperate snuff-taker: his trembling gait, his sienna calcined lip, his air, his look, his nerves, his tremulous accent, his general morbid action! His very soul is in his snuff-box! He can neither talk, nor eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk, without the mechanical aid, ever and anon, of his forefinger and thumb! And then, O what an exhibition does a *post mortem* examination offer!—From the nasal process, to the very centre of the cerebrum, nothing is seen but a dense mass of highly-rectified empyreumatic oleaginous tobacco, which, on exposure to caloric, instantly ignites, blazes up like concentrated gas, or carbon and sulphureous vapour—the productive cause of corns, epilepsy, and tic-douloureux, and the sure destroyer of human life. The liver is livid, the lungs, cut transversely, assume the appearance of adust lobes of triturated bark, with a curious admixture of azotic gas. And regarding this habit, first willingly admitted, then immoderately indulged, there is this infatuation, that not one snuff-taker in the many thousands who yearly fall victims to its indulgence, can ever bring himself to believe that it is *pernicious*!—On the contrary, one *akes* it because it is good for the head-ache—another, because it is a cure for the tooth-ache—a third, because it is excellent for sore eyes; and many an old country dame regales herself with a pinch now and then, because it is an admirable remedy for deafness! Not one will condescend to view her box as though it were the box of Pandora (which, in truth, modern commentators have proved it to be); and so the habit is seldom or never eradicated. The smoker is as bad, and much more insufferable.

But what are these habits, bad as they are, to the sad habit of *chewing*? Sir Walter Raleigh brought smoking from America; but where do chewing and snuffing come from? Smoking is of barbarous origin,—and on it, as on the parent stock, the ingenuity of civilized man has engrafted the now widely-spreading and very flourishing inventions of *snuff* and *quid*! And here, let it be remembered, that wherever the demon of tobacco has once fairly taken possession, whether in the shape of smoke, quid, or snuff, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*,—there is no retreat—it is for life!

The evil consequences resulting from *chewing* are of so aggravated and nauseous a bearing, that within a mile from the coast, the practice in all civilized countries should absolutely be

respecting them; and may show, to use the words of an intelligent traveller, 'how gratuitous and misplaced is the pity which we sometimes bestow upon beings who are not perhaps sensible that they can be objects of any other feeling than envy and admiration.' Happily for mankind the influence of the fair sex is not limited to any particular mode of society, but may be as powerfully exercised in the retirement of the harem as in the glitter of the drawing-room. Nor does the seclusion, which we should think imprisonment, excite among the Turkish women any discontent: on the contrary, it is considered as one of the great distinctions between the higher and lower orders; and in the marriage contract it is sometimes stipulated that the lady shall have the privilege of remaining at home, and not be obliged to go out shopping in the streets and bazaars like the wives and daughters of tradesmen." 81-2.

Nor is the confinement of a nunnery, it would seem, more irksome than that of the harem—this may be gathered from Mr. Fuller's account of his visit to the convent of Antoura, in Syria:

"At a little distance from M. Gandolfi's mansion is a nunnery, one of the most popular, as well as the largest in the mountain, and chiefly occupied by the daughters of respectable families. It contained at this time about forty nuns. The order is that of St. Francis de Salis, the rule of which is very rigid; and the nuns after their novitiate never go beyond the boundaries of the small garden and orchard which surround the convent. I had brought a letter for one of them from her brother, whom I had known at Tripoli, and in the evening I went to pay her a visit. I was introduced into the *parlatorio*, and she came accompanied by the abbess to the hatch-door. The inner room in which they sat was soon crowded with the sisterhood, who reached over one another's shoulders to peep at the stranger. They all seemed in an extremely merry mood, and frequently burst out into loud fits of laughter, without any apparent cause. I never saw a collection of more cheerful faces; and M. Gandolfi, who superintends the convent, told me that the looks of these fair nuns were not deceitful, but that they passed their time very happily, employed in the domestic affairs of the house, in cultivating their garden, and in various kinds of needle-work. Monastic life in general is, I believe, much more happy than our prejudices are willing to allow; and it seems peculiarly calculated to afford a refuge to the weaker sex in a country like this, where among the middle classes the women, if married, are condemned to every kind of domestic drudgery, and exposed without protection to the caprice or tyranny of their husbands. 'Get thee to a nunnery!' are here words of no threatening import; on the contrary, the opportunity of being admitted into one is always eagerly embraced." p. 384-5.

Perhaps the best description in the whole book, is the following picture of the natives of Nubia. The village alluded to, occurred in the second day's journey, from Assouan towards the second cataract:

"We halted in the middle of the day near a village, and a great number of the natives soon collected round us. They are of a very dark copper colour, nearly approaching to black, with lively intelligent features, and forms of a symmetry and lightness which I have rarely seen surpassed. Many of them had only a short petticoat like the American Indians; some were dressed in coarse brown linen shirts fastened round the waist; and some of the elder had a Mashlakh, or Arab cloak, thrown round them. Almost all of them had a short and broad sword attached to their left arm, a round shield made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and a long spear.

† Mr. J. C. Hobhouse.

Their hair inclines to woolliness, and is plaited in close twists or ringlets, which hanging down from the top of the head, and being cut off square just below the ears, very much resemble the *coiffure* of the sphynx, and some of the figures in the tombs at Thebes. Their locks are strongly impregnated with grease; and one very handsome young man had added a large quantity of flour by way of powder, which, contrasted with the black hue of his skin, produced so grotesque an effect, that even his own countrymen could not forbear joining in the hearty laugh which we found it impossible to restrain when he presented himself. The women were unveiled, and appeared much less shy towards strangers than their Egyptian neighbours; but their manners, it is said, are not on that account the less correct. They are not indeed very inviting objects, but, like the females of most hot countries, are much inferior to the men in personal appearance. The people were universally civil and friendly, and brought us various excellent preparations of milk as presents, and some lambs and fowls for sale. The prices asked for these, however, were so much higher than we had been accustomed to in Egypt, that we refused to buy them; but we were afterwards obliged to pay dearer. We had some difficulty in talking with the natives; the Berberin language, which they all speak, being totally different from the Arabic, and none of our party understanding it thoroughly.

"In the course of the day we met a courier going from Deir to Assouan. He was a very striking figure, being dressed in the full costume of his country, which I have already described, and mounted on a Hadjeen camel, which came striding rapidly along. His saddle was made of wood and very small, and it had a forked pomel in front, so contrived that he might rest his legs in it alternately. We met also several small caravans of slaves from the interior of Africa." p. 195-7.

These extracts will probably prepossess our readers in favour of Mr. Fuller's book, and raise a doubt whether our introductory observations have rendered him full justice. We shall not repine should this prove to be the case; for after all, although we should not feel justified in landing the work as a very brilliant production, and have been annoyed by a number of little passages entirely devoid of interest, which have found their way from the traveller's journal into its pages, swelling the bulk of the volume and increasing the labour of reading it, we are on the whole pleased with it, and can conscientiously recommend it for perusal to those who have leisure. Had it not made its appearance in the field so late, it might have been further extolled for the information it conveys. But in that respect, Mr. Fuller has allowed himself to be forestalled by more recent travellers than himself.

*The Noble Game of Billiards, wherein are exhibited Extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of most of the Sovereigns of Europe.* By M. Mingaud, formerly Capitaine d'Infanterie in the service of France. Translated by John Thurston. London, 1830.

In these improving times, when no art nor science is suffered to rest in *statu quo*, we must not be surprised that a game so fascinating, and which, to play it well, requires the exercise of so much skill, and, to a certain degree, mathematical knowledge, should also be able to boast of its progress as a science. It is surprising, indeed, that a game of this kind should have existed so long before any treatises on the subject of it were written; for we find that, although it was invented by the French in the reign of Henri III. towards the close of the sixteenth century, for the amusement of the Court at the Château de Blois, no printed works on the subject ex-

isted until our own days. The last work on the subject is that of M. Mingaud, the object of which was to record the great improvements and discoveries which have been made in the game during the last few years. The English player is indebted to Mr. Thurston for making him acquainted with a work so much esteemed on the continent. The numerous tables (40) supply him with abundant examples of difficult strokes, on which to exercise his utmost skill and nicety,—some of them are hardly credible; but Mr. Thurston asserts positively, that he has seen the most wonderful of the whole set executed on his tables in Catherine-street, by M. Mingaud himself.

*FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. IV. Xenophon, Vol. II.—No. V. Herodotus, Vol. I.* London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THERE is not a series of works now publishing, the object of which we approve more heartily than the Family Classical Library; for we can conceive no method more calculated to elevate the taste of the reading public in general, than this of rendering the ancient authors popular, by means of cheap reprints of the best translations. We only wish that the books could be afforded even at a lower price than the certainly discreet one at which they are dispensed. The two last numbers contain the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, and the two first books of *Herodotus*: the translation of the former, is that of Lord Ashley; of the latter, the well-known and esteemed version of Beloe.

*Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants, &c.* By Christopher Anderson. 2d edition. Edinburgh, 1830. Oliver & Boyd.

MR. Anderson is unquestionably a man of talent. His book discovers an intimate acquaintance with the legendary writers of the middle ages, and he certainly displays very diligent and remarkable research. His section on the literary history of Ireland before the conquest, to the end of the last century, does honour to his industry and good feeling—he has conferred an obligation upon Ireland, for which she is bound to be grateful. We have read Mr. Anderson's volume with extreme satisfaction; but we must not on that account pass over a few faults—such as the want of compactness in the arrangement of his matter, and the occasional looseness and obscurity of his style. He is besides too fond of inversion, which renders his meaning not always obvious. We give a short extract as an example:—

"In the most ancient and curious manuscripts, which, I presume, must be abroad, historical narration there must be of whatever value; assertions also many, in which the author had no motive to satisfy, though in various instances he might prove to be mistaken."

The defects of Mr. Anderson's work are however few and inconsiderable, and we hail him as an author who promises to do credit to the literature of his country.

*The Importance and Means of a National Literature.* By W. E. Channing, D.D. Reprinted from an American periodical. E. Rainsford.

DR. Channing's is a name well known on the other side of the Atlantic, and one which certainly well deserves to be generally known on this. He is decidedly a man of high literary attainments, of a refined taste, a discriminating judgment, with an acute, vigorous, and comprehensive mind. The pamphlet now before us is written with great eloquence and power; the author's views are original, though sometimes visionary; and the subject is grappled evidently by a scholar and philosopher. We regret, however, to be obliged to notice that there is too continued an endeavour after display. The style is frequently diffuse and elaborately redundant;



nevertheless, we must confess that it is the diffuseness and redundancy of a mind teeming with lofty conceptions, and pouring them forth in a torrent of words which, though they sometimes distract the attention, never offend by anything like common-place. Dr. Channing is indeed an ornament to his country: it has good reason to be proud of him.

*More short Stories.* By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M.A. Whittaker.

THESE stories, we presume, are only intended for the nursery. They are very well calculated to amuse children under twelve years of age. There is a good deal of variety in them; the style in which they are told is well adapted to the capacities of young children.

#### HABITS.

It has been noted by an eminent writer, and daily experience confirms the apothegm, that *habit is a second nature*. If demonstration were required, it would not be difficult to trace progressively the workings of habit, and distinctly to lay open the mutations gradually wrought on the natural disposition by its slow, silent, but sure operation. But the analysis would be rather curious than useful. For that we are, in great part, if not entirely, the creatures of habit is no more problematical, than that a civilized man is not a mere untutored savage, or a savage an absolute automaton.

This granted, it will be easily conceded in addition, that it behoves all persons above the common range of life to beware how they indulge in any folly, absurdity, singularity, or affectation, however fashionable it may be; for habits are soon formed; ridiculous habits even sooner than others, and, according to the authority of one who had deeply studied human nature, it is as difficult to correct them as it is "*for the leopard to change his spots*."

I will barely touch on the profligate habit of common swearing, now resorted to—I might almost say exclusively, in the very lowest plebeian speech. The march of intellect, if it has done nothing else during the last thirty years, has at least unmanacled the better bred from this pernicious habit, which is now confined to the dregs of the people, as an appropriate, distinctive and characteristic mark of vulgarity. Low as is this vice, however, it is endemic. Scarcely will you find, I will not say a county, but a hamlet, in which there is not a class with whom this disgusting abuse of language is rife and popular. The habit is radicated; and, it is known to demoralize and degrade the people wherever, and to whatever extent, it prevails. Nor is this contemptible habit confined to the earth on which we tread. It has long ago launched forth upon the ocean, and flourishes with the most offensive luxuriance on that element where storms and tempests rage, where death with sudden terrors reigns, and where habitual seriousness would be much more appropriate. Even there, however, of late years it has somewhat abated; it has lost ground *off*, and is now seldom found *beyond the forecastle*. Yet it will not be out of place, if I here call to mind the anecdote of the captain and his chaplain, to demonstrate the force, as well as the occasional corrigibility of habit. The ship had scarcely left its anchor, when the chaplain began to observe and to lament the incessant "*d—my eyes*" which flew from the captain's lips. This continued day after day, without abatement,—increasing as the wind increased, but never entirely subsiding, even when zephyrs sighed, and the placid face of ocean smiled. The chaplain remonstrated with delicacy;—in vain! He preached;—in vain! He lectured;—in vain! He might as well have read a homily to the winds. So, giving up reason and argument, he had recourse

to stratagem: for it is notorious, that though habit will frequently resist the most unanswerable ratiocination, it can with difficulty bear up against ridicule. One morning, as they were perambulating the quarter-deck, "*Bread and cheese my eyes!* good morning, Sir!" said the chaplain, with a face as grave and as serious as the face of Momus vituperating the retiring goddess of beauty on account of her slippers! At this strange and unexpected salutation, the captain smiled, not doubting in sooth, but that the Levite was "*peering about*," and that the transit from "*bread and cheese my eyes*," to his more sailorly phrase would be the work only of a day; but, before the smile had left his cheek, "*Bread and cheese my eyes*," repeated the parson, "*how slow we go!*" and every half minute he interlarded his confabulation with a fresh and emphatical "*Bread and cheese my eyes!*" until the captain, quite disgusted, walked away, under the full impression that the good man was a fool! He therefore took an early opportunity, in presence of the purser, of expatiating with him on the *folly of bread and cheesing his eyes* every minute—the priest pleaded guilty,—keenly turned the tables upon the officer, who, in his mode of swearing, so completely united *folly* and *profligacy* together! This was *argumentum ad hominem*; the captain felt the full force of it, and, hard as he confessed the task was, he absolutely gave up the habit which had unceasingly vibrated on his tongue, at sea and on shore, in foul weather and in fair weather, for at least twenty years!

Neither do I purpose dwelling on the turpid habit of drunkenness—"water facunda malorum!" it is for the most part confined to the gin-shop and to the vulgar: it is generally the concomitant of common swearing, and has done more for the ruin of British morals among the people, during the last thirty years, and more for the prostration of health and strength among the lower classes, than any other cause whatever. Is it to be wondered at, that this vile habit should produce such demoralizing effects, when the consumption last year, in *England only*, amounted to 7,700,766 gallons of gin and brandy, and almost four millions of rum? Can it surprise us, that distress and pauperism should increase, when the money that should be applied to the decent support of the poor, finds its way into the gin-shop?—There millions, which, if well managed, would keep hundreds of thousands from hanging on their parishes, are spent in intoxicating liquors. Oxalic acid would do them less injury; for the one brutalizes, and then destroys—the other destroys at once. We hope Mr. Innes's next letter on the subject, will be to entreat the Chancellor of the Exchequer to confine gin, brandy, and rum, to the apothecary's shelf.

The habit of tea-drinking has established its sway over the whole country: it is now so firmly and indisputably naturalized, that as long as the Celestial Emperor is pleased not to shut up Macao against us, and as long as a single old woman in England has three farthings left, to buy a quarter of an ounce of high-flavoured Bohea, nothing can dislodge it;—and yet, if people would give up China tea, and adopt herb tea, which is infinitely better and cheaper, half the poor cottagers in the country might drink it for nothing, and sell balm, mint, and sage enough to pay their rent, and get their names out of the poor-rate list! Mere reason has no chance against a habit which, in the course of two hundred years, has gradually, and almost imperceptibly, extended its roots throughout every town, village, and hovel, in the kingdom.

Policy, and a becoming respect for productive sources of taxation, require that we should say nothing of *sugar* and *coffee*; for so long as it is deemed advisable to keep up our colonies, their produce must have free access

into our stomachs! But what shall be said in excuse of a singular, and, it might be added, Tartarean habit, which, in process of time, converts the patient who labours under it into a kind of volcanic being, contaminating the blood, and repleting the very bones with a combustible sooty deposit, productive of rheumatism, constipation, jaundice, and St. Anthony's fire!—I mean, the habit of *snuffing*! And who will extenuate the almost equally pernicious habit of *taking snuff*? Would it be imagined, that the inhabitants of this small island could possibly survive one single year's importation of all our colonial drugs and American poisons? Would it be credited that more than nine hundred thousand pounds weight of pulverized tobacco, including pounded glass, are actually taken up our noses every twelve months! Physically speaking, is it not enough to dry up half the understanding of the country, destroy all sensibility, and paralyze those millions of capillary nerves, which concentrate and terminate in the pineal gland, and invigorate the brain? The pungency and narcotic property of the tobacco, the dreadful effects of those vitreous particles which are supposed by many to enter into the manufacture of snuff, besides the manifold essences introduced for the fabrication of a hundred fancy mixtures, elegantly termed *cephalics*, are enough to make a man, or even a lady, pause before the habit is quite formed. Then look at a desperate snuff-taker: his trembling gait, his sienna calcined lip, his air, his look, his nerves, his tremulous accent, his general morbid action! His very soul is in his snuff-box! He can neither talk, nor eat, nor drink, nor stand, nor walk, without the mechanical aid, ever and anon, of his forefinger and thumb! And then, O what an exhibition does a *post mortem* examination offer!—From the nasal process, to the very centre of the cerebrum, nothing is seen but a dense mass of highly-rectified empyreumatic oleaginous tobacco, which, on exposure to caloric, instantly ignites, blazes up like concentrated gas, or carbon and sulphureous vapour—the productive cause of corns, epilepsy, and tie-douloureux, and the sure destroyer of human life. The liver is livid, the lungs, cut transversely, assume the appearance of adust lobes of triturated bark, with a curious admixture of azotic gas. And regarding this habit, first willingly admitted, then immoderately indulged, there is this infatuation, that not one snuff-taker in the many thousands who yearly fall victims to its indulgence, can ever bring himself to believe that it is *pernicious*!—On the contrary, one takes it because it is good for the head-ache—another, because it is a cure for the tooth-ache—a third, because it is excellent for sore eyes; and many an old country dame regales herself with a pinch now and then, because it is an admirable remedy for deafness! Not one will condescend to view her box as though it were the box of Pandora (which, in truth, modern commentators have proved it to be); and so the habit is seldom or never eradicated. The smoker is as bad, and much more insufferable.

But what are these habits, bad as they are, to the sad habit of *chewing*? Sir Walter Raleigh brought smoking from America; but where do chewing and snuffing come from? Smoking is of barbarous origin,—and on it, as on the parent stock, the ingenuity of civilized man has engrafted the now widely-spreading and very flourishing inventions of *snuff* and *quid*! And here, let it be remembered, that wherever the demon of tobacco has once fairly taken possession, whether in the shape of smoke, quid, or snuff, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*—there is no retreat—it is for life!

The evil consequences resulting from *chewing* are of so aggravated and nauseous a bearing, that within a mile from the coast, the practice in all civilized countries should absolutely be

put down by common consent. It was in the month of August, the India fleet had just come in, when, between one and two, I called at our relation's, Mr. M—, of Chuwanghee, on the Esplanade adjoining Calcutta, with which, I presume, the Panorama of Mr. Burton has made most of my readers familiar. I quietly seated myself amid a motley assemblage congregated, according to the fashion of the place and time, not exactly to a *déjeûné à la fourchette*, but something very like it, called in India a *tiffin*. Here might be seen first, two or three civil servants, and their *care spouse*, with a few female cousins, recently imported on hymeneal speculations—half a dozen Company's officers, and as many captains, mates, and pursers of Indiamen, recently arrived. The operation of eating curry and swallowing pale ale had begun, when the conversation turned on the particular flavour of a batch of English claret, actually under trial. Mr. Isaac Crib, one of the pursers present, (all know Crib!) had a great deal to say on the subject, having a joint interest in that very claret with the captain, of which they had an investment to the amount of thirty or forty thousand rupees. In the heat of argument, he inadvertently, and *sans y penser*, disengaged his tobacco quid from between his left cheek and molares, its usual recondite station, and laid it on the table, that he might support his position with due euphonical articulation. At that very instant it so happened that Mrs. Colonel T—, who sat next to him, and was rather acrimoniously engaged in crying down the *loll shrub*, by some fatal mistake, instead of bread, took up the quid. This the keen votary of Neptune and Plutus observing, he very coolly turned round with, "*Madam, I beg your pardon, but I believe you have swallowed my quid!*" The lady bounced up, as if struck by a *coup de soleil*—the idea was enough—and such an overpowering crowd of horrible associations, connected with the nauseous quid, rushed upon her mind, and from her mind to her delicate stomach;—flesh and blood could not bear it, nor could the lady! The scene was very dismal—the pursur vanished, and the *tiffin* broke up.

J.

## SONNET.

E'EN as the roses summer leaves behind  
Are cherished most, though once they were not  
fairest;  
Or when high joys are absent from the mind,  
Inferior pleasure's counted as the rarest;  
Or as the bird that loves her brood, save one,  
Will prize that dearly when the rest are gone:  
Thus, do I know, when they, who in thy heart  
Now revel on its fondness, shall ere long  
Prove their light vows are frailty, and depart,  
Leaving thee weeping o'er their fabled song.—  
Thou'lt turn to me, and kindly then approve  
The rare sincerity of my slighted love;  
But thou shalt find me not: the silent grave  
My love—my wrongs—my broken heart shall have.

W.

## THE SWALLOWS' WINTER-QUARTERS.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

London, May 4, 1830.

SIR,—It may tend to throw some light on the long-contested question respecting the disappearance of swallows, to which a paragraph in one of your former numbers refers,† if you will afford insertion to the subjoined observations, contained in a recent communication from a foreign friend at Berlin.

"I am enabled to give you the result of my own experience with regard to the dormant state of the swallow in winter, which would appear to set the question at rest. Specimens have

† No. 130, p. 234.

been brought to me on two several occasions, which had been drawn from beneath a covering of ice when the parties were fishing. I think the first was a house-swallow: it was in a state of complete torpidity; I laid it in the flue of a stove and stood by it, in order to discover whether it gave any signs of re-animation. These were shortly exhibited; for the swallow soon came tumbling out of the pipe, and flew against the window; but it did not live above thirty minutes. A year or so afterwards, another swallow was brought to me; and this, I perfectly recollect, was a house-swallow. I had been told that birds of this species, when carefully immersed in water, recover their animation and survive the experiment; I therefore filled a dish with cold water, laid the swallow in it, and placed both in the flue of a stove, which I had gently heated. After the lapse of an hour, the bird came to life, and lived several days afterwards. I could never discover the cause of its death, though I conjecture that it may have died from the want of food. A third instance fully corroborated the opinion I had formed on this subject. One spring, after a long succession of cold, dry weather, during which a solitary swallow had occasionally made its appearance, I rode along the banks of a large lake, for the purpose of observing the growth which the grass in its vicinity had attained. It was the first warm morning we had experienced; the weather was quite calm, and the sky serene. Towards noon it became overcast, and a warm rain gently fell: this continued for the space of an hour, at the end of which I chanced to ride back along the banks of the lake. To my surprise, I observed an immense number of swallows about the spot where so shortly before not a single bird had been seen; they were sitting on the very edge of the lake, and had a rough and sickly appearance; nor did they attempt to take wing, until I had come close to them; and even then, they immediately alighted upon the ground again. The next day, the whole neighbourhood swarmed with swallows, all of them being of what is called the house-species. Since that time, I have carefully noted every circumstance connected with this interesting subject, and am thoroughly persuaded that the swallow lies in a dormant state under water during the winter; nor am I acquainted with any *proofs*, which would lead to a contrary persuasion. I may further remark, that it is more than probable, the swallow dives in autumn, not only under water in a quiescent state, but into running streams; and that it has come under my observation, that the birds, which have wintered in rivers, appear much earlier than any others of the species. It has also come within my constant experience that the first swallows, which show themselves a fortnight before the great mass appears, are most commonly observed about those spots where torrents of rain-water are found rushing down into large lakes and rivers."

I will merely add, that these observations were made in the neighbourhood of Königsberg, by a gentleman on whose veracity every reliance may be placed.

Yours, &c.  
A.STATE OF THE BLOOD IN FEVER.  
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Monday, May 3.—Dr. Roberts in the Chair. The Registrar read a paper by Dr. Stevens (late of the West Indies), on the State and Changes of the Blood in Fever, more particularly the Yellow Fever of the West Indian Islands. The Doctor had observed the great similarity in appearance of the blood found in the veins and left cavity of the heart, after death by this fever, with the dark chocolate-coloured fluid contained in the stomach, and frequently vomited by patients for some time previously to dissolution. Upon

analysis and chemical examination, he found that this blood was wanting in the ordinary saline matter of healthy blood; and that, upon the addition of such matter, the dark appearance became changed to a brighter hue. Considering, therefore, that blood, in this morbid state, was incapable of stimulating the heart, and that the fever in question depended more on the state of the blood than any disease of the solid texture of the body, Dr. S., after subduing the first symptoms of excitement by bleeding and purgatives, was led to treat such cases with the different saline medicines; and by pursuing this course, his practice had been attended with the most marked and beneficial effects. The Doctor also in his paper adduced the testimony of other physicians to the efficacy of the same treatment.

On the table were several presents of books; and a wax preparation of the male pelvis and its contents, by the same artist who had made the specimens exhibited at the last meeting of the College.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, May 6.—The President in the chair. An interesting paper was read by Captain Sabine, detailing the result of a chemical analysis of the mineral waters of this island, from which it appears, that they all contain iodine and the newly-discovered chemical substance called *brome*, and both in a greater degree than has been hitherto suspected.

Three gentlemen were balloted for, two were elected, and the third was black-balled, not, it would appear, because he was not properly qualified, but because a private quarrel existed between him and some members who had sufficient influence with a sufficient number of the rest, to exclude him from the Royal Society in revenge!

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, May 6.—Mr. Hallam, V. P., in the chair.—Mr. Ellis finished reading his communication of a document, commenced last week, written by a violent protestant in the time of James II. on the state of Ireland.

Two gentlemen were balloted for, and elected Fellows of the Society.

## PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sitting of the 12th April.—M. B. Delessert communicated to the Academy two notes, which had been addressed to him from Edinburgh by Mr. Smith. The first of these notes was relative to the discovery of a new Milk-tree found at Demerara. This tree, which differs from that described by M. de Humboldt, furnishes a very nutritive fluid, thicker and more oleaginous than the milk of the cow. The tree belongs to the family of the apocynæ. M. Arnot has given it the name of *tabernaemontana utile*.

The second note was on the subject of the germination of the *Nepenthe* (or pitcher-plant), and contained a detail of a new species with a spherical cup, sent over by Dr. Wallich, director of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta. M. Delessert announced that the English East India Company had remitted to Dr. Wallich growing specimens of all the plants collected in India and the neighbouring countries, with instructions to distribute all duplicates to the botanists of France and other nations. A female plant of the *Nepenthe*, having been placed near a male specimen, perfected and ripened seeds, from which the species has been continued.

M. Arago read a letter from M. Dumas, on the properties of a *Sal Gemma* sent from Saxony by M. Boué. From this salt, when dissolved in water, is disengaged a volume of gas, equal to the half of the volume of the salt employed in the experiment: the gas which thus escapes

detonates slightly, and burns in the same manner as hydrogen gas. M. Dumas imagines it to be hydrogen slightly carbonated.

M. Fleurens read a memorial on the "Influence of Water on the Respiration of Fishes."

Water may act on the respiration of fishes either chemically, physically, or mechanically. The author only treated of the mechanical action of water, to which sufficient attention has not hitherto been paid. He has observed that water acts on the *branchie*, or gills, by separating the rays and lamellæ of these organs, and favouring the contact of air: this observation has been confirmed by numerous experiments.

It is known that fishes perish quickly in the air. M. Fleurens thinks that such death is the result of a true asphyxia, occasioned by the collapse of the branchie, which are no longer supported by the interposition of the water between their layers; and he has strengthened this supposition by prolonging the life of fishes, by artificially keeping their branchie in a state of separation similar to that produced by the water. On the other hand, by compressing the gills whilst under water, in a manner similar to the collapse produced in air, death has taken place as quickly as from the aerial exposure. To complete the proof of the fact that water has only a mechanical action on the respiration of fishes, M. Fleurens has kept many of them in wine; and though not living so long as when in their native element, their death has been much slower than when exposed to air. M. Fleurens explains the prejudicial effect of the wine by the remark, that it contains much less air than water does.

M. Latreille read a paper on the *Bombyx* of the ancients. The author proposed to determine what different species were designated under this name, not from the study of the Latin tongue, but from natural history,—thus attaining a knowledge of what were the insects which furnished the Romans with a silk of inferior quality to that which is the product of the *mulberry* insect.

The Board of Longitude has presented a copy of the second edition of its annual volume for 1830, to the Academy. This second edition has been augmented by the notice inserted last year by M. Arago, on the History of the Invention of the Steam Engine; it contains, therefore, all the published researches of M. Arago on this important subject.

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire announced, that, being unwilling to take up the time of the Academy with the discussion between M. Cuvier and himself respecting the theory of analogy, he proposes to publish a work, in which he hopes to refute the arguments of M. Cuvier.

At the sitting of April 19, M. Blumenbach was elected foreign associate in the room of the late Dr. Young.

M. Aldini, the inventor of the fire-proof dresses, presented to the Academy Mr. Watson's plan for the prevention of the foundering of ships at sea, which we have already published in the *Athenæum* (see No. 123.) He proposed to repeat Mr. Watson's experiments before the members of the Academy.

M. Arago presented a tube filled with crystals of pure *palladium*, which had been sent to him by M. de Humboldt.

In a verbal report of the travels of M. Caillie to Timbuctoo, M. Coquebert-Montbret took occasion to animadvert on the attack of the *Quarterly Review*, in which the veracity of the enterprising traveller has been questioned. The chief ground for this charge he said seemed to be, the absence of geographical observations, and of specimens of mineral or vegetable productions—in short, of any actual evidence of his having penetrated so far as he pretends to have done. But the disguise he was obliged to assume in his travels might prevent his furnishing himself with the re-

quired proofs; and the want of instruments to take scientific observations, will readily account for his not making any. It is to be regretted that having penetrated so far, he had not remained longer, by which means he might have gone still further, by navigating the river Dhioliba. But it seems he was seized with a desire to revisit Europe—which overcame all other inducements. His style is not that of a man given to disguise the truth—on the contrary, there is an absence of the marvellous, or of anything having the air of exaggeration.

At the sitting of April 29, M. de Pongerville was elected to fill the seat vacant by the death of the Marquis de Lally Tollendal.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich, April, 1830.

Thorwaldsen left us on the morning of the 14th of last month, after remaining amongst us for four weeks. The celebrated painter, Hess, and the Baron d'Eichthal return with him to Rome. From the monarch to his meanest subject, every individual vied in the fervent expression of their esteem and admiration, and a series of banquets and festivities marked the lively sense which is universally entertained both of his inimitable talent, and his manly and benignant character. He dined repeatedly at the king's table, and enjoyed a gratifying mark of her majesty's esteem in being selected by her to lead off a *polonoise* at a splendid public ball.

He was detained longer than he anticipated by some unforeseen difficulties, which occurred in the erection of the monument to the Duke of Leuchtenberg.† This noble production of his chisel was exposed to public view on the 13th ultimo. Occupying the centre, in front of the portal of the tomb, stands the colossal statue of the duke, with a crown of laurel in his hand; the figure is full of animation and dignity; on his right is seen History, meditating the record of his achievements; and on his left, a group, representing the geniuses of Life and Death. Simplicity and sublimity are finely mingled throughout the whole composition; every portion of it abounds with expression of the highest order; and it is every way worthy of the sculptor's fame.

—I observe, by the summary of lectures to be given here during the ensuing summer session, that there are seventy-six ordinary, extraordinary, and honorary professors and lecturers, and that the whole series amounts to no less than one hundred and seventy. Six lecturers give 16 distinct courses in *Theology*; twelve give 24 in *Law*; seven give 16 in *Political Economy*, &c.; nineteen give 46 in *Physic*, and thirty-two give 68 in *Philosophy*. It is worthy of notice, that *Theology* is the weakest faculty in point of teachers, and that the demand for pre-elections is not greater than in the various branches connected with political economy: though no faculty is nearly so numerous as the *Theological*, in which there are 443 matriculated students out of nearly nineteen hundred. The consequence is that the lecture-rooms are crowded to suffocation, and the lecturers find it almost in vain to attempt "keeping his majesty's peace."

T. T.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE death of Sir Thomas Lawrence operates in three ways more particularly in attaching an unusual interest to the present Exhibition. In the first place, the pictures of his which we see there are the last that will ever adorn the annual

collection of which for so many years past they have formed the principal attraction: in the second, his performances have not had the advantage of the finishing hand which was wont to be exercised over them after they had been hung, with a view to the effect which it was desired they should produce in reference to the paintings that surrounded them: and thirdly, the pretensions of the several artists who may be presumed to be candidates for supplying his place, are very naturally a subject of eager speculation, not merely to particular artists and their friends, but to the public generally.

On the first of these circumstances we shall not dwell: the feeling to which the reflection gives rise, is one of a melancholy nature, which we experience but in common with every frequenter of the Exhibition. On the second we propose to dilate a little. That there is a difference between the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence now exhibited, and those of former years, is perceptible to the most unobserving: the flesh is of a darker tone, and less clear; and, in point of effect, the pictures do not throw off to the same degree the efforts of others. This we consider to arise from the circumstance, that Sir Thomas was deprived, by his death, of the opportunity of working up his productions for exhibition, and painting them to a false key, with a view to their effect amidst the crowd of other performances, according to the practice, we believe, of all the academicians, who, as such, have the prerogative of access to the rooms after the pictures are hung—a practice which gives them no slight advantage over junior artists, to whom the same privilege is denied. We make these observations on the cause of the evident difference discernible between the productions of Sir Thomas Lawrence which figure in the present collection, and those which we have seen there on former occasions, fully apprised that they are under the further disadvantage that not one of them, except perhaps the portrait of Mr. Angerstein, was left by the artist for finished. It is curious and interesting to see the chalk lines as he drew them, still remaining on that of Lady Belfast. Notwithstanding, however, all the disadvantages under which the works of the late President now appear, as compared with former occasions, his immense superiority over every living portrait-painter, is but little less marked than usual, and affords painful evidence of the extent of the loss which the country has sustained by his death. He has no successor; and his place, we fear, is destined to remain long vacant. Of his portraits, that of Lady Belfast is in a light key, and therefore tells best; it is moreover in his accustomed style of female fashionable portraits, abounding in elegance, but wanting individuality of character, and not free from affectation: the chalk lines on the column we have already noticed. The portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen is a beautiful picture, it has great simplicity, and much thought and character; this also is an unfinished production—the flatness of the curtain more especially will not escape observation. The portrait of Mr. Moore, although not completed, and rather spotty, is a spirited picture, in excellent character and full of life;—but of all the male portraits, that of Mr. Angerstein seems to us the most perfect; the head comes out admirably.

MR. WILKIE'S "George IV." as a portrait of the King, does not give satisfaction; but as a painting, it is a production which it is scarcely possible to praise extravagantly; it is remarkably harmonious, nicely balanced in colour, and rich in tone; all the accessories are particularly good. The painting of the left hand is extremely effective. The effect which this picture produces on those in its neighbourhood is quite woful.

† Engèle Beaumais, ci-devant Viccroj of Italy.



*Pompeiana; or, Observations on the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii.* By Sir W. Gell, F.R.S. F.A.S. New Series, Part I. London, 1830. Jennings & Chaplin.

THOSE who are acquainted with the former work of Sir Wm. Gell on Pompeii, will have looked with eagerness for the appearance of the first number of the New Series. We therefore hasten to announce its publication, although the late hour at which it reached us, will prevent our doing more at present than merely glancing at its contents, and pronouncing it to be very beautifully got up. The colouring of the plates in certain cases, is an admirable improvement on the practice in the former series. Of this we have an instance in the second plate in the part now before us, which represents the side of a room painted with all the various colours of the original. It is exceedingly beautiful, and raises a high idea of the taste displayed by the ancients in the decoration of their apartments, even in towns of inferior class like Pompeii. The head-piece to the preface, representing a winged figure of Painting, is a sweet vignette: the pallet and brushes in the left hand, attest the antiquity of those implements. A very delightful composition introducing objects found at Pompeii, forms the frontispiece. The preface contains many interesting particulars respecting the present state of the excavations, and of the foreign publications respecting them.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

##### Fifth Concert—May 3.

ACT I.		
Sinfonia in <i>f</i> . . . . .	Beethoven.	
Terzetto, Madame Meric Lalande, Miss Childe, and Miss H. Cawse, "Sen fuge l'ombra intorno" (Zemir and Azor) . . . . .	Spohr.	
Concerto Harp, Miss A. Windsor . . . . .	Lochsa.	
Aria, Mr. Seguin, "A rispettuari apprenda" . . . . .	Carafa.	
Overture in <i>D</i> . . . . .	A. Romberg.	
ACT II.		
Sinfonia in <i>c</i> minor . . . . .	Mozart.	
Scena, Madame Meric Lalande, "Ah! non fia" (Amazilia) . . . . .	Pacini.	
Adagio, and Characteristic Rondo (MS.) . . . . .	Potter.	
Pianoforte, Mr. Potter . . . . .		
Terzetto, Madame Meric Lalande, Miss Childe, and Miss H. Cawse, "Io rendo al vostro amor" (Guillaume Tell) . . . . .	Rossini.	
Overture, Der Freischütz . . . . .	Weber.	
Leader, Mr. Mori—Conductor, Mr. Attwood.		

Beethoven's *sinfonia* in *f* is less known than many others of this author. We believe that it is particularly difficult to play, and therefore not a favourite with the orchestra; it abounds, however, in beauties, the effect of some of which was quite destroyed on Monday evening, by the indiscriminate loudness of the instruments in general. There are, for instance, in one of the movements, some obligato bars for the violoncello, which are so extremely difficult, that it is impossible to combine a powerful tone with neatness of execution in their performance. Now, as we are quite certain of Lindley's precision, we were sorry to be prevented (by the *fortissimo* of the accompaniments,) from distinguishing a note of the passage he was evidently taking much pains to accomplish. The audience will be glad when this unnecessary display of force is subdued. But who is to effect such a reformation, the leader or the conductor?

The *terzetto* of Spohr, which followed the magnificent *sinfonia* of Beethoven, is delightful; the vocal part is full of grace and beauty, and the accompaniment as elaborate and scientific as any we have ever heard. It is at the same time so admirably imagined and arranged, that it supports and enriches the melody without disturbing it. We were better satisfied with the composition, than with the effect of the three female voices; they were too different in quality, and their possessors were too little accustomed

to their union, to produce a very harmonious impression.

Miss Windsor's first appearance (we believe,) in London, on the Concerto, Harp, was as successful as her most sanguine wishes could have anticipated. She is a player of great power and energy, but the delicacies of the performance we could not judge of, the harp being an instrument of which the soft tones can never be heard in a large room. This performance lasted about three quarters of an hour, and notwithstanding the youth, beauty, and modesty of the fair debutante (powerful auxiliary inducements to listen patiently), the audience was completely wearied long before the conclusion of the Concerto, although it was well written and well played.

Mr. Seguin has a fine voice, but cannot yet make a proper use of it; when it is better cultivated, we shall be happy to hear him again, and to offer him that tribute of praise which we doubt not we shall feel incumbent on us to bestow on him.

Romberg's overture in *D*, and Mozart's *sinfonia* in *c* minor, are too well known to require comment: they both went off well, the latter to perfection—the natural result of frequent repetition. The delightful effect of this was so manifest, that we are surprised at the infrequency of rehearsals, and the apparent neglect of the means so obviously requisite to produce a faultless performance.

Madame Lalande is a good and clever singer; we have already spoken of the quality of her voice in a previous notice of the Opera; she sang a scena from "Il Pirata," but as all Pacini's compositions are nearly alike—equally devoid of striking beauties, or glaring defects—we will not interfere with their hopeless mediocrity.

Mr. Potter's adagio and "characteristic" rondo was a failure. We are willing to suppose that both were well played, but we exerted our musical faculties to the utmost without being able to discover the intention of the one, or the promised character of the other. The rest of the audience appeared as dull and impenetrable as ourselves, and we have only to hope, that the experiment may not be repeated with a view of enforcing a conviction of its merits as a composition: these, we fear, exist only in the imagination of the author. Where are the concertos of Beethoven, Mozart, &c. ?—and why are we condemned to listen to that which has no recommendation whatever beyond mere novelty?

The succeeding trio was uninteresting and ineffectual, and we should have left the room in no very harmonious disposition, but for the redeeming beauty, spirit, and intelligence of our old favourite, of everybody's favourite, the Overture to the *Freischütz*. On the whole, it was a bad Philharmonic Concert—bad, because at these meetings, we always expect to have the best compositions, and the best possible performances. Mori led, as usual, with ability and attention—it would be well if he and all other good leaders could command more obedience to their directions than is usually observable at these Concerts.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

THE performance of Madame Malibran, on Thursday last, as *Desdemona*, in the "Otello" of Rossini, was magnificent in the extreme. In point of vigour, and force, and variety, and the skilful union of dramatic and vocal excellence, this character will, we believe, rank pre-eminent amongst the representations hitherto given to us by Madame Malibran; and we are not sure, that any of her predecessors in it have done it equal justice. The beauties of the performance studded it so thickly, and with such lustre, that we are almost too dazzled to select any, and despair of being able to enumerate all. The de-

fects were few—very few; and these have partly their origin in physical causes, over which the performer could have no control, partly in a false judgment, which she cannot fail soon to abandon; and beyond all, they appeared more prominent to us, because they came in immediate comparison with what was the essential beauty of Mad. Pasta's personation of the same character. The false judgment of which we complain, is exhibited in labelling at effects or points, and, in situations of strong interest abandoning that simplicity of expression which is the offspring of impulse, to enrich the passage with ornament, and fill up the sentiment by the aid of unnecessary gestures. Again,—there is too evident a wish to succeed in the same respects, and at the same identical parts of the play, as her mighty rival, Mad. Pasta. This she will never do. The success of Pasta was procured by means which Madame Malibran will never have at her disposal:—there will never be the same intensity and sublimity, the same solemn inspiration that made even a single tone a sufficient interpreter of the most hidden feeling;—there will never be that true tragic bearing, the almost divine countenance—that would have supplied the place of language, even if that single tone were repressed: and for this reason, Madame Malibran cannot reach the same effects, where they are dependent on a simple expression. She will far surpass in many things; but the pathos of Pasta's grief, and the grandeur of her resentment, cannot be equalled, unless the passions have a new and different language from that which has hitherto been considered their greatest eloquence. Thus, we could not but notice the complete failure in the passage "Se il padre m'abbandona," the intense beauty of which, as executed by Madame Pasta, we must all remember; and just before this, the attempt to delineate sudden joy, when *Desdemona* is told of the safety of *Otello*, in the words "Altro non chiedo il cor," could hardly strike one as anything more than a laborious effort. The scene with *Emilia*, in the last act, was destitute of that awful interest which was formerly given to it, in some degree because Madame Malibran cannot invest her features with an expression of deep and earnest sorrow; but still more, because the critical passages were too elaborate; the "Assisa a pie d'un salice," for instance, in which there was nothing that came full of mournfulness to the heart—nothing that might not be expected in situations of far less interest and fear. And at the close of the act, there was a characteristic redundancy of action in her appeal to *Otello*, which mingled the ridiculous with the sublime, and did no more. But, having said thus much, which would not have been said but for the extreme tenderness of our critical conscience, we hasten with pleasure to repeat our former praises of the performance as a whole. When Madame Malibran shall cease to attempt a rivalry with Madame Pasta in three or four points of beauty, which the world knows to be inimitable, this performance will be blest only by a few superfluities, which are rather the emanations of a too fertile talent, than the signs of real defect. Defect there undoubtedly is, so far as this, that the singer's voice has not yet that constitutional strength, which will enable it to go through such exertion to the end without flagging or inequality; and perhaps this may be the very reason of the blemishes we have before talked of; for an ingenious person like Madame Malibran would rather introduce a florid ornament, than suffer her physical weakness to be detected; and the mere apprehension of such detection might lead to a nervousness, that would relieve itself in this manner. However, with these trifling exceptions, her *Desdemona* is the most brilliant, vivid, and powerful representation we have seen for many a day. Her execution of the music is very skilful indeed; much more perfect and masterly than it would

have been last year, and much more so, likewise, than we could have hoped for, even from the previous display of her present talents. It is suffused with a richness, which may be compared with the glow of colouring in a sunny scene of Claude. The style is her own throughout—more marked, but more controlled and judicious than formerly—yet quite her own;—the mere text given with purity and expression,—the embellishments unlike those of any other singer we are acquainted with. There is a wonderful beauty in the flow and undulation of her voice in ornamented passages which we do not know how to describe; it moves with the lightness of the feet of a greyhound, gamboling on turf—and yet far more lightly, and with a wider range, and a more elastic movement. It is rather like some happy bird, floating at will in the air,—and carried here and there, higher and lower by the currents as they reach it, or now and then stretching out its wings and taking a vague but rapid flight with many turnings as it goes—rising and sinking and baffling the eye with its uncertain track. Others conform, or seem to conform, to a certain pattern, or rule, whose directions may be at all times anticipated: Mad. Malibran darts away from all precedent and leading-strings, and surprises the ear with a combination of notes that seems new and untried; prompted by no similar character in the music that leads to it, and not otherwise to be accounted for, than by giving her credit for an independence and originality which are almost the same as the creative faculty. Under this impression, we shall not be surprised if, at sometime hereafter, this very talented person becomes the chief of a new school,—a revolutionist in style—which, whether for better or worse, will at any rate be her own. For corroboration of these latter remarks of ours, we satisfy ourselves by referring to the execution of the song introduced at her *Entrata*, instead of the accustomed “*Palpita, incerta l'anima*,” and to almost every subsequent passage where such variations of style could be admitted without injury to the music.

Having said so much of *Desdemona*, we have only room to add, that Signor Donzelli was as fiery as ever in the part of *Otello*—but his fire was at a maximum throughout, and some relief was wanted to prevent its becoming oppressive. His performance, generally, would be the better for a more frequent contrast of light and shade;—his voice is too uniformly powerful, and the monotony that arises from it is increased by his trick of turning the quicker movements, &c. into adagios, and omitting the usual ornaments of his solo passages. This is very observable in the aria, “*Ah! sì, per voi già sento*,” which we cannot but consider an absolute failure—and the same sin would extend throughout the play, but that the music, loud and volcanic as it is, does not allow him to commit it. The orchestra has its own way, and his *portamento* is rather appropriate than not. Signor Curioni appeared for the first time this season, with less voice than ever. His falsetto, however, was employed very successfully in more than one instance, and we must recollect the difficulty of *Rodrigo's* part for an ordinary tenor. The trio “*Ti parti l'amore*,” was encored. This was thoughtless on the part of the audience; for the opera is a long and extremely arduous one, and Mad. Malibran has no supernumerary stock of voice to supply any extra demand upon it. The reception of the whole was very enthusiastic, though we were sorry to see but a thin house. Laporte's return from Paris, and the promise of Taglioni “the Divine,” whose footsteps are as significant as the Chinese characters, and whose sandal is the binding to a vocabulary of sentiment,—these things may attract the lazy world, and in the meantime, we cannot but blush for their neglect of Mad. Malibran's *Desdemona*.

## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE attractions at this popular place of performance increase, as the summer campaign advances. The celebrated horseman, Ducrow, made his first appearance for the season on Monday. The usual routine of jumping through hoops and over garters, which appear to constitute the *ne plus ultra* of ordinary riders, he performs with a facility we have never seen equalled. That which in other cases seems a performance barely possible, he executes with such apparent ease, that his spectators never fear a failure, even in his most hazardous exploits. They are thus spared the disagreeable feeling so commonly attending exhibitions of extraordinary activity. The most surprising of all Mr. Ducrow's exploits is the “*Fox-chase*,” as it is called, that is to say, riding round the circle on two horses, sometimes kneeling or lying across them, but generally standing with one foot on each, and in this position remaining firm, even while the animals leap a five-barred gate. In these several feats the horses were without saddles. Mr. Ducrow's small stud of three diminutive ponies was introduced, and by their whimsical manœuvres without rein or rider, strikingly exhibited the sagacity and tractable disposition of the horse, when he has received that most inestimable of all advantages either to man or beast, a good education. The performances on the stage were well adapted to the audience who frequent this theatre, and the hearty plaudits of the many juvenile hands proclaimed loudly the success of the managers in pleasing his most youthful auditors.

## PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

*The Royal Poet and his Translators*.—Some months ago a volume of poems, said to be translations of poems by the King of Bavaria, by W. Duckett, was published in Paris by Dureuil. The *Augsburg Gazette* announced, (April 13,) that it contained no less than thirty-nine pieces not to be found in the original German, and therefore not written by his Bavarian Majesty! This disclosure has prompted the said W. Duckett to disavow the publication entirely—“*motives of delicacy*,” he says, prevented an earlier disavowal. Now that the poor bookseller is *en fuite*, there is no danger!

M. Lamartine is about to publish a new volume of Poems, entitled “*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*.”

—The *Académie des Beaux Arts* has nominated Meyerbeer, the author of “*Il Crociato in Egitto*,” a corresponding member.

—The view of the Interior of Westminster Abbey, is about to be exhibited at the Neorama.

—The sixth monthly meeting of the *Société de Statistique Universelle* has just taken place:—the number of members belonging to the Society is said to be 1517. We believe M. César Moreau was the originator.

—Count Demitri Chwostow, the chief of the Russian poets, and nephew of the famous Suwarow, has dedicated a poem, on the “*Peace of Adrianople*,” to General Diebitsch.

—The Protestant Bible Society has just held their annual meeting, when the receipts of last year were declared to amount to 43,377 francs, and the expenditure, to 39,943 francs.

—A suspension bridge is about to be constructed over the Vistula at Warsaw, by French architects.

—The German Operatic Company have already given representations of the “*Freischütz*,” with as much success as last year; and Spohr's “*Faust*” has followed. The music of this opera is not of a very striking character, with the exception of the Finale of the second act,—though the whole is in good keeping, and some parts possess considerable beauty;—but the story of “*Faust*,” as Goethe wrote it, is widely departed from. Margaret is converted into a princess, named *Kunigonde*, who has for a lover *Count Hugo*. The damsel being confined in the castle of a tyrant, named *Gulf*, the Count lays siege to it, when *Faust* arrives, and uses his power with *Mephistopheles*, in favour of the lovers. The castle is forthwith demolished by a thunder-bolt, the tyrant buried in the ruins, and the lovers reunited. Then follows the passion of *Faust* for the Princess; a duel with the Count ensues, in which the latter falls; and the usual *diablerie à la Don Juan* closes the scene.

*China*.—His Imperial Majesty was to set his golden car in motion on the 13th of October to proceed on his projected visit to the tombs of his ancestors.

—The imperial clemency, which directed that all criminal punishments, except those for capital crimes, should be mitigated during summer, has been subject to abuse from the lawyers, who for a bribe, would hasten or protract trials to the “*hot weather assize*.” This abuse caused the law to be repealed. But the spirit of it has prevailed since, through the benevolence of his Majesty; and punishments have been mitigated—or deferred, when they were of a nature not admitting of mitigation.

—The annual literary examinations are matters of great moment in China. A tract was published at Canton at the last examination, containing instructions to the students for the regulation of their conduct. As they have to remain within the court three days and two nights, they are recommended to take some good tea, salted ginger, and *wax pills*, to stimulate and give play to their ideas! Some of the scholars it seems, are from eighty to ninety years old!

*Siam*.—Two Protestant missionaries, one English, the other German, have lately visited Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and excited a lively sensation among the inhabitants, by distributing Bibles and Testaments in Chinese. They were well received. His Siamese Majesty ordered his interpreter to procure him some translations in Siamese, for his own perusal. The number of native christians are said to amount to 800. A Catholic bishop is resident there.

—The government of China sends every year to the Siamese an Almanac, as a token of sovereignty. It is enveloped in yellow silk, and received with great formality by the King and his ministers.

*Solar Tides*.—Kotzebue in the account of his recent voyage round the world, mentions that “the ebb and flood vary essentially from the general rule, in the bight of Matara (Otaheite), where they seem to have but little respect for the moon, to whom the tides are elsewhere subservient. Throughout the whole year, the water stands at its highest elevation at the moment when the sun has reached the meridian: and it falls with the declination of the sun until midnight. This occurrence, as well as the position of the sun, makes amends to the inhabitants for the want of clocks or watches: although the elevation and depression of the sea do not exceed a few feet.”

—By recent accounts from India, it appears that an attempt was about to be made to introduce free labour into the Mauritius. Two vessels had been chartered to take 400 Chinamen there for that purpose. This is the first attempt to root out slavery from the Isle of France, and is likely to prove successful, the Chinese being from their industrious habits and knowledge of the useful and domestic arts, the best suited for the object in view.

*Otaheitan Constitution, &c.*—This island is now divided into nineteen districts, and Eimeo, the adjoining island, into eight. Every district possesses a governor and judge: the former being appointed by the insular parliament, and the latter by the people themselves. Both remain one twelvemonth in office; but they may retain their appointment a second year, if their conduct be approved. Their duty is to maintain the public peace, and conciliate minor disputes: whilst dissensions of greater consequence are referred to the parliament, which is composed of deputies from every district, and exercises the legislative function; the executive being entrusted to the King.

—*Omnibuses* are going everywhere—they have reached even to Spain, and northward as far as St. Petersburg.

**Dutch Universities.**—The Netherlands government is, as it is said, about to suppress the two Universities of Utrecht and Louvain. The former was founded by John IV., Duke of Brabant, in 1426, and the latter has existed since the year 1634.

**The Native Potato.**—The subsequent account of the native potato, is extracted from a letter addressed by Messrs. Schiede and Deppe to Baron Humboldt. "In the month of September 1828, we made an excursion to the volcano of Orizaba. On the 7th, we started from the Puebla de Tlachichuca, and began to climb the western foot of that mountain. Though we were novices in mounting snowy regions, and possessed ample opportunities for making observations of the natural character of the Tropic Alps as contrasted with the Tierra-caliente and templada, and the snowy altitudes of Europe, we must, on the present occasion, confine our remarks to what appeared most deserving of our notice. In the vicinity of the spot where we slept the first night, to our astonishment we found a little plant, which so closely resembled the potato, that we hunted for its roots in the confident hope of finding knobs; and we actually met with them, though we were inclined to consider the plant as being merely a species of kin to the potato. In our endeavours to procure a number of specimens, we found some, which justified us in concluding that it was really the parent of that vegetable. Upon a nearer examination of the plant, which was scarcely three inches high, and had large blue flowers, standing singly or in pairs, as well as knobs to its roots scarce the size of hazel-nuts, we could feel no doubt that it was neither more nor less than the potato on a dwarf scale; indeed, we should be at a loss to discover any difference between the two, excepting in the size. This plant occurs, though not frequently, on the mountain ridges, under the shade of the oyamel, ocote, and toscote (a new species of pine which we met with on this trip), in the neighbourhood of bushy Castilleja; a hydrophyllum, the pedicularis aquinoctialis, and various vacciniæ, and at an elevation which we computed at 10,000 feet or somewhat more, taking the western base of the mountain to be 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. We had turned our backs upon every species of cultivation at a palenque at the foot of the mountain; what further signs of vegetation occurred were nature's work. We met with nothing indigenous with the haunts of man; nor is the spot where we discovered the plant often visited by the snow-carrier. For these reasons, we conceive that we do not infer from false data in assuming that these potatoes grow in, and have not degenerated into, a wild state. The Indians, who accompanied us, called them *Papas cimarronas*, and they assured us, that they grow not only on the mountain, but in the llanos near Tlachichuca, and in other places. In fact, we found them upon our return, near the palenque at the foot of the Orizaba, as well as in the vicinity of the Laguna de Huatulaca, and ultimately near Perote. The plant of the high plains differs from that of the Orizaba; it grows to a greater height, has white flowers, and is not so stunted of blossoms as the latter, though its knobs are not much larger. The berry, which we found in great abundance near Huatulaca, is nearly of the same size with that of the domesticated plant. We should not have set much value on this discovery had it been limited to the three spots last mentioned, to the exclusion of the first, as they all lie in the neighbourhood of human habitations. It is a subject of regret to us, that we did not taste any of these wild fruits of the earth before the knobs we had brought with us were committed to the earth at Jalapa. We made another interesting observation on this spot; namely, that a trochilus incloses the deep orange-coloured flowers of the Castilleja."

**Ancestry.**—Some years ago, a Spanish Secretary of Legation, at the Russian court, who chanced to bear the same cognomen as a celebrated author, was asked by an accomplished Princess, whether he was a descendant or connexion of his family. "God forbid!" replied the haughty Don: "God forbid!"—"So much the worse," replied the illustrious querist; "I know no pedigree so glorious as that of genius; and, for my own part, I would much rather trace my descent from Homer than from Achilles."

—By a decree dated 6th of February last, to be enforced from the 1st of March, the President of Greece has established the decimal system in the Greek currency; henceforward, in public accounts and legal transactions, the *phenice* and *lepta* are the only money to be employed, the latter being the 100th part of the former. At the same time was published a table of the relative value of all foreign money to the legal coin of the state.

—Lord Burghersh has produced a new Italian opera, entitled "*La Fedra*," of which the Florence journals speak in enthusiastic terms. It was performed at his *soirées* during Lent, at Florence.

—M. Scribe has produced a very successful drama, entitled "*Philippe*," at the Théâtre de Madame; the materials for which have been taken from a romance little known, entitled "*Frederic*," by M. Fievée. The interest excited by the drama is said to be incessant. It will no doubt speedily find its way to the London boards.

**The Netherlands.**—An official statement enables us to glean some interesting data on the subject of the population of this kingdom. On the 1st of January, 1829, it amounted to 6,235,169 souls! and according to the most recent computation, its superficial extent included 6,358 Netherlands acres. In 1820, the population did not exceed 5,642,552: so that in nine years, the increase has been at the rate of nearly 66,000 per annum, or at the rate of ten and a half per cent. during the last nine years. Eastern Flanders, with a population of 717,057, is the most populous province; and the least so, Drenthe, which has only 61,119 inhabitants. The births throughout the kingdom in 1828, amounted to 221,790, (namely, 114,069 males, and 107,721 females) and the deaths 152,865 (77,976 males, and 74,889 females). The births, therefore, exceeded the mortality by no less than 68,925.

**Prussian Population.**—The following statement of the density of the population of the Prussian monarchy, is taken from recent and authentic returns. The subjoined is the account of the population of each square mile in its respective grand-divisions:

Eastern and Western Prussia together	1718 souls
Grand-duchy of Posen .. ..	1977
Brandenburg and Pomerania ..	1873
Province of Silesia .. ..	3224
Saxony .. ..	3095
Westphalia .. ..	3372
Rhenish Provinces .. ..	3585

giving an average of 2525 inhabitants to each geographical square mile. The density of the *horned race* averaged 869 per square mile;—Eastern and Western Prussia again (with 645) being the least, and the Rhenish provinces (with 1473), the most abundant in this particular.

**The Russian Empire.**—The Military Almanac of Russia affirms, that the dominions of this immense empire, extend over a surface of 373,174 German square miles, of which 72,361 are comprised in Europe; (independently of 2,293, forming the kingdom of Poland); 276,020 are in Asia, to which must be added the recent acquisitions in Turkey; and 24,000 in America. It is remarked on this occasion, that the whole surface of Europe does not exceed 156,000 of such miles. The Russian population is reported

to amount to 60,000,000 of souls; viz. 45,000,000 in Europe; about 3,700,000 in the Polish monarchy; from 11 to 12,000,000 in Asia; and 50,000 in America. The empire contains 1840 cities and towns, 1210 slobodie and fortresses, and 227,400 villages and hamlets. Among the various races, which people it, are 52,000,000 of Slavonians, 3,000,000 of Asiatics, 2,000,000 of Tartars, and 500,000 Armenians.—According to the last report, made up in the statistical section of the ministry of the interior at St. Petersburg, the number of *Russian Jews* paying taxes, is 422,440 throughout the empire. Of this number, 5,227 are engaged in commerce, 413,607 are mechanics, shopkeepers, &c., and 3,606 only are engaged in agricultural pursuits.

**Universal Portrait Gallery.**—The lithographic press of M. Herder, of Fribourg, has commenced operations on a splendid work, which deserves the highest encouragement. It is entitled the "*Pantheon of celebrated men of all ages and countries*." The first part has just been published, in folio: it contains Kings and Princes. The work commences with a very early period—2000 years before our era, and will be continued from period to period, accompanied with explanatory letter-press. It is proposed to include in the whole work 3,500 portraits, bringing it down to the present day—and also to devote a section to the most celebrated women. We sincerely hope the undertaking may meet with the success it deserves.

**Lampeter College.**—It having been industriously reported, that the expenses of students at St. David's College, Lampeter, fall little if at all short of those of our universities, it is stated by a gentleman officially connected with the college, that "the average annual amount of those expenses, including lodging, board, and tuition, is not more than from 50*l.* to 54*l.* per annum. If more is in any instance spent, it is needless expenditure.—*Cambrian Quarterly Mag.*

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 1.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:

**Masters of Arts:** Rev. J. H. Parley, and E. H. Chamberlain, University; Rev. T. Hutchings, chaplain of Christ Church; C. Saxton, Christ Church; J. R. E. Bingley, Lincoln; Rev. R. Hawkins, Scholar of Pembroke; and Rev. J. D. O. Crosse, Exeter Coll.

**Bachelors of Arts:** C. Deeds and A. Johnson, Merton; Sir W. M. Farquhar, Bart. and Hon. C. J. Murray, Christ Church; T. Blackburne, Brazen-Nose Coll.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Career of Woman, a Poem*, by Charles Lewis, 6*s.*—*Levi and Sarah; or, the Jewish Lover*, post 8*vo.*—*Howison's Tales of the Colonies*, 2 vols. post 8*vo.*—*The Mussulman*, 3 vols. bds. 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*—*The Barony*, by Miss A. M. Porter, 3 vols.—*Abernethy's Physiological Lectures*, 2d edit. 10*s.* 6*d.*—*The Armenians*, by M. Farlane, 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*—*Bowles's Life of Kerr*, Vol. I. 8*vo.* 1*5s.*—*Locke's Letters*, post 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d.*—*Roby's Traditions of Lancashire*, 2*l.* 2*s.*—*Thompson's Life of Raleigh*, 8*vo.* bds. 1*4s.*—*Clara Gazel, or, Hoi soit qui mal y pense*, 2 vols. post 8*vo.* 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*—*Babbage on the Decline of Science in England*, 7*s.* 6*d.*—*First Love*, 3 vols. bds. 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*—*Hannibal's Passage of the Alps*, 5*s.*—*Monk's Alcestis of Euripides*, 8*vo.* 4*th* edit. 6*s.*—*Our Village*, post 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d.*—*Paul Clifford*, 3 vols. bds. 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*—*Sadler on Population*, Vols. I. and II. 8*vo.* bds. 1*l.* 10*s.*—*Stoke's Botanical Conversations*, 1*4s.*—*Bostock's Physiology*, 2d edit. Vol. 3. 1*5s.*

#### Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Daily Meteorological Journal.						
Days of W. & Mon.		Thermom. A.M. P.M.		Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th.	29	69	59	29.95	S. E.	Clear.
Fr.	30	70	60	29.80	S. E.	Ditto.
Sat.	1	63	65	29.70	S. W.	Ditto.
Sun.	2	67	67	29.90	S. W.	Ditto.
Mon.	3	62	63	30.00	Var.	Ditto.
Tues.	4	63	65	30.00	N. E. to E.	Ditto.
Wed.	5	63	72	29.98	N. E.	Ditto.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 5 P.M.  
*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulus, and Cumulostratus.  
Mean temperature, 58—atmospheric pressure, 29.33.

#### Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Herschel quartile on Friday.  
— Ceres in opposition on Friday.  
— Saturn quartile on Sun. at 2*h.* P.M.  
Jupiter stationary on Wednesday.  
Length of day on Wed. 15*h.* 2*m.*; increased 7*h.* 18*m.*  
Sun's hourly motion 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance .004004.



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**Carrington's Pills**  
**Candler's Balsam of Honey**  
**Dutch Drops**  
**Godbold's Balsam**  
**Henry's Caloric Magnesia**  
**Hooper's Female Pills**  
**Hunt's Pills and Lozenges**  
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**Perrin's Stomachic Pills**  
**Powell's Balsam Aniseed**  
**Port's Man's Friend**  
**Shepherd's Lozenges**  
**Singleton's Ointment**  
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